THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1878. NUMBER 41.

The Plague.

Plague, pestilence and famine! These are three,
That walk together in this world of woe;
Their comrade Death, and they no other know.
From such deliver us, prays our Litany.
Oh! might one stand, as Aaron stood of old,
Betwixt the dead and living, and might say,
The plagne is stayed that walks abroad to-day;
Heaven showeth mercy to its stricken fold;
One grateful throb would animate a land
Bowed to the dust;—now triumphs over death,
That power which measures ocean in His hand.
That stirs or quickens our faint mortal breath.
And stays the plague;—the Shepherd knoweth best
What hour to call His flock and give it rest.
—*Boston Transcript.*

"Forget Thee?"

"Forget thee?" If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day;
If all the worship deep and wild a lover's heart can pay;
If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to heaven's protecting power;
If winged thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in an hour;
If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot,—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed shalt be forgot.

"Forget thee?" Bid the forest birds forge their sweetest tune.
"Forget thee?" Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;
Bid thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine own dear land, its waters deep and blue;
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot,—
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot.

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy free;
For God forbid thy gladsome heart to grow less glad for me;
Yet while that heart is still unwon, Oh, bid no mine to rove,
But let it keep its hum le faith and uncomplaining love.
If these, preserved for patient years, at las avail me not,
Forget me then—but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot.

OFF NAXOS.

"Yes. We are almost islanders," Dora said. "Here we have our triangular island. The bay on one side and the river on the other side, and the creek skirting the third side. Isn't it pretty, Ada?"

"Lovely. Blue sky and blue water, and the nice picturesque old houses."

The two had climbed to the top of the ancient Port Royal State-house to see all this. Dora, peeping over the railing, tried to make out her husband—who was a lawyer, and had a case in court that day—among the crowd of men standing in front of the courthouse. Ada gazed out upon the glancing, shining waters of the bay.

Presently, to them a third person; a man—lean, gaunt, as yellow as parchment, but with a look of self-gratulation at present in his eyes which lighted up his ugly face.

"I saw you ladies, as you turned into the State-house. I was two blocks off."

Ada laid the ends of her fingers in his. Dora shook hands cordially. But, in spite of Dora's warmer greeting, he seated himself by Ada, and Dora returned to her post of observation. There was a high wind, under the lover of which the two talked.

"I might have known you would not be glad to see me," began the young man. "I am surprised at myself for coming."

"Yes!"

"I conclude that I was overcome by the suicidal instinct of the moth."

No answer.

"It is a year to-day since I first saw you, Miss Ada."

Still no answer.

"A year which has not proved altogether propitious to our acquaintance. I wonder why it is that I can not please you? I fancied—I do not think I was entirely mistaken—that we used to be very good friends. I should like to know why it is that you dislike me now," he pursued, plaintively.

"Do not let us discuss it," Ada said, brusquely. Have patience with her. Her harshness and selfishness are not without parallels in others of her sex and age.

"I would do anything to please you. I sometimes think it is my manners that offend you. I know that I am awkward. I assure you that my manners give me more concern than my salvation."

This had an irreligious sound, as Ada vaguely felt; she was therefore called upon to bestow upon him a look of orthodox reproof. "Of course they do," he continued. "The one matter is entirely my own personal responsibility; the other is not."

Ada gave over the theme. She had no theological opinions. She merely remarked, calmly: "You surprise me. I should have said you were a very self-complacent person."

"On the contrary, I always feel as though every one—you especially—were laughing at me. If you would only give me a hint now and then—"

"Thank you, but I do not feel equal to carrying on your education."

"And I give you so much! 'A present for a mighty king.'"

Ada, with hot cheeks, remembered where George Herbert says that "Love is a present for a mighty king." In a sentimental mood, such as she now no longer experienced in her intercourse with Professor Luce, she had once made full quotation herself. She said, pettfully, "I was having such a peaceful time up here before you came."

"And produced discord. If you would only say how or why?"

"I think it is your clothes," Ada rejoined, recklessly. She longed to add: "And your hair," but refrained, on the possibility that Dora might overhear and denounce her afterward for her rudeness. It seemed to her intolerable that a man should approach her, basking in the beauty of this perfect day, with that crop of long, lank, light hair, so nearly the shade of his complexion.

Professor Luce drew a long breath. He who had hitherto professed to hold all outside shows in lofty contempt had condescended to debate the external of his manners; but to be quarrelled with for such mere superficial considerations as coat and trousers! He had gone on enduring Ada for some time past, as some women are sometimes endured by some men. Now he wanted to get up and leave. Only he did not know exactly how. That wretched awkwardness of his was in the way of a dignified departure. Ada spoke next, quite cheerfully, since she had silenced him, the least in the world afraid that she had gone too far.

"I love the bay. One never knows what new shape it may bring in from the sea from day to day. It is like life, freighted with surprises."

He rose and folded his hands. A more graceful man would have folded his arms, but his hung limp at his side.

"I tremble to think what life may have in store for me. 'Prophet, said I, thing of evil,'" declaimed Ada.

"Yes. Of discipline. Some natures would seem to demand purgatorial fires before they rise to their highest possibilities."

"Thank you for your good opinion."

"You well may. I have a most excellent opinion of you. Have I not paid you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman?"

"You certainly are fully sensible of the honor you have done me." Nor is it to be denied that there was a self-assertion in Professor Luce's tone which most women would have resented under the circumstances. Dora now sauntered toward the pair. She did not approve of the intonations of voice. Professor Luce said "Good morning" stiffly, and left.

"Ada, you treat him abominably," Dora said; "and you certainly encouraged him at one time."

"I liked him at one time. How is one to tell one will change one's mind?"

"He is a genius," Dora commented; "every one says so. Papa says he will make his mark. He discovered two new stars last year. So of course he is eccentric. But I rather like that; and you did too when he first came to the college. You are so contrary. You set yourself against him now because he shows his devotion too plainly. All the same, you led him on."

"Well, I might have liked him,"

They clambered down the dark, dusty stairway and came out into the spacious entrance hall of the State house.

"Why," Dora said, "there's John."

Her husband was showing off the architectural features of the hall to a stranger. He presented Mr. Vane to his wife and her sister. The two girls wore fresh white dresses, Ada's with a green bordering, and their blonde hair and blue eyes were shaded by picturesque palmetto hats. Mr. Vane viewed them with the spontaneous admiration of the man and the artist.

"Mr. Vane brings me a letter from my friend Stevens, Dora," John said. Then, to his sister-in-law; "Ada, Mr. Vane is fresh from Rome, where he has been painting for a year or so. You can talk art to your heart's content."

"When I talk art it is to my heart's discontent," Philip Vane said, as they walked away, he and Ada together. Dora, of course, put her arm through John's. She had not seen him for three hours, and fifty things had happened in the interval she must tell him about.

"Because your ideal eludes you?" answered Ada to Philip.

"No; for a more commonplace reason: because I am lazy. I work fast enough when I am once at it, but I hate to get to work. I am an inveterate procrastinator."

"What a pity!" Ada said, seriously. "I can't understand that. If I were an artist with a gift, I should be breathless until I had reached my goal. There is always the possible immortality."

Philip was impressed. Ada was nothing if not in earnest. In this instance a breath of her enthusiasm passed into her susceptible companion. He looked eagerly into the depths of her steady, clear blue eyes with his liquid dark ones. "There is oxygen in your voice and in your words," he said. He passed his hand over his brow. "You have put backbone into me."

She laughed. She was accustomed to act as a kind of mental tonic. But the stimulus took effect with unwonted suddenness upon this new patient. How unconventional he was!

Ada followed in the wake of Dora and John down one of the queer little dark alleys, of which there were many in Port Royal, and which served as short-cuts from street to street.

"Where are we!" laughed Philip. "Ah! I see"—as they emerged at the other end. "'O strange new world that hath such people in it!" (this with a half-deprecating, lingering infection and a little smile). Your quaint little city is a tangle of labyrinths, in which you play the part of Ariadne to my Theseus."

His companion slightly started and blushed, and gave a low, odd laugh.

"What is it?" he began; but she put him off with a gesture, and he continued: "But what skies you have! And what an atmosphere! When I woke up this morning I thought I had sailed into Paradise during the night."

"Sailed?"

"Yes. My friend Sinclair brought me here on his yacht. There she lies now. I am to pitch my tent on shore, while he cruises in and out of the harbor for a while. I want to make some sketches of your old houses.

Ada had deserted the college, and her own housekeeping for her father there, and was spending a few days with Dora. They all had dinner in the middle of the warm, sunny May afternoon; then they ransacked the garden beds for violets. Violet Bank was famous for these. They bloomed early and lingered late. Dora picked a great bunch, and divided them between Philip and Ada. Philip held his thoughtfully, and smelled them tenderly. He had a habit of theorizing about people; he was thinking now that Dora was full of unselfish womanly traits. There was something even in her way of doing little things which pleased him, rested him.

Dora said: "Violets are my favorite flowers. We have such quantities of them here!"

And Philip answered: "It would seem to be their native soil. They always suggest to me, with their subtle, penetrating perfume, the most precious thing in life—sympathy."

There were more in this than the mere words, but it escaped Dora. Ada, however, as she said "Yes," smiled softly. She laid great stress upon sympathy. She was always talking about it or the absence of it. It was a pleasure to her to infer that Mr. Vance felt in sympathy with them—with her.

They saw much of him after that. He was easily magnetized, although the impression was apt to wear off soon, and Ada had magnetized him in a fit of energy. He took a fresh departure in his profession during those days, painting more diligently than he had done for years. In truth, that was an eventful epoch in his art life. The pictures he painted then laid the foundation of his future success.

Ada's secret ideal had always been a man whose life should be dedicated to the interpretation of beauty, to whom a sunset should be of infinitely greater importance than logarithm or a title deed. The men of Port Royal all gravitated either toward the law, like John, or toward science and letters, like her father and Professor Luce. Ada made no secret of her pleasure in her new acquaintance. Dora liked him too. John, to be sure, insisted that he was a bit effeminate. But he was a lithe, active, strongly built young fellow, with a manly air, in spite of his faultless features and golden hair and mustache. This blonde delicacy contrasted peculiarly with a skin so dark that it might be called olive, and splendid dark eyes. Moreover, his tailor had done as much for him as Professor Luce's had failed to do for that gentleman. So a month went by. Philip and Ada went rowing almost every afternoon in her little boat, exploring sunsets and woods, and bringing home stacks of laurel. The woods were bowers of laurel then.

"I should like to transfer some of this loveliness to canvas," Philip said, breaking off a bough that hung down into the water; "but I despair. It is maddening that one has nothing more ethereal than mud to work with."

"Mud? Oh, you mean your paints."

He laughed. "I mean my paints, book, but had not turned over a page before Ada entered. I am inclined to think that it was Ada's fault, upon the whole, that the meeting was cold and constrained. But on parting Philip smiled a golden smile and said, "I am delighted to have seen you. They told me you were out, but I wouldn't be turned off. I insisted upon waiting till you came in." To do him justice, this was the way the case presented itself to him at that moment.

"Ah, darling," Dora annotated to this, five minutes later, "I am glad you were in time to see Mr. Vane. I sent him word to be sure to wait for you."

Our Ariadne seated herself by an open window and looked out at the shifting water without replying. That shifting water was to her still like life—as inconstant. A parting equivocation! A very trifle, yet still the "little flaw within the lute." Then she looked up at the clear blue sky with gathering tears. "I am glad there are some things that do not deceive," she thought.

After this episode Ada was gentler, more tolerant even of Professor Luce's clothes. However, he marked an era in his life just here by purchasing a new suit. He also put himself into the hands of a barber; perhaps some one suggested to him that his hair was too long; not Ada, however, I am positive. The result was marvelous. It is incredible what an effect the outward man has upon the interpretation of the inward man. But I am convinced that it was for some cause still deeper than this that when Ada and he next met she felt that they had both undergone a transforming power. Professor Luce, for his part, mentally and with contrition revoked those harsh remarks I quoted above about purgatorial fires. Ada was once more the girl with whom he fell in love at first sight in the good old-fashioned way.

People thought it was a strange match. He might be brilliant, but he was undeniably uncouth. However, Ada told Dora: "He may not have the outward making of an ideal lover; but no one else has such a true, true heart."

Moreover, he gave her abundant cause to be proud of him in other ways. In fact, there is no telling what reflected honors may not be in store for her through him. Some new planet may yet be called by her name.—*Harper's Bazar.*

False Confessions of Murder.

Mr. Henry C. Lea's "Superstition and Force" gives many remarkable instances of false confessions of murder, extracted by torture, and capital punishment inflicted in consequence thereof, followed by the detection of the real culprits. Boyvin du Villars relates that during the war in Piedmont, in 1559, he released from the dungeons of the Marquis of Masserono an unfortunate gentleman who had been secretly kept there for eighteen years, in consequence of having attempted to serve a process from the Duke of Savoy on the Marquis. His disappearance having naturally been attributed to foul play, his kindred prosecuted an enemy of the family who, under stress of torture, duly confessed to having committed the murder, and was accordingly executed, in a town where Masserono himself was residing. Godelmann relates that a monument in a church in Upper Germany, representing a man broken on a wheel, commemorated a case in which two young journeymen set out together to make the accustomed tour of the country. One of them returned alone, clad in the garments of the other, and was suspected of having made way with him. He was arrested, and, in the absence of all other evidence, was promptly put to the torture, when he confessed the crime in all its details, and was executed on the wheel, after which his companion returned. Another case was that of a young man near Bremen, whose widowed mother lived with a servant. The son quarreled with the man, who fled and took service at a distance. His father, not knowing his departure, accused the youth of murder; and torture speedily drew from the latter a full confession of the crime, including his throwing the corpse into the Weser. Not long after his execution the serving-man reappeared and was duly put to death, as also was the father, to make amends for the blunders of the laws. Few, when once engaged in such pursuit, could be expected to follow the example of the Milanese judge who resolved his doubts as to the efficacy of torture in evidence by killing a favorite mule and allowing the accusation to fall upon one of his servants. The man of course denied the offense, was duly tortured, confessed and persisted in his confession after torture. The judge, thus convinced by experiment of the fallacy of the system, resigned the office whose duties he could no longer conscientiously discharge, and in his subsequent career rose to the cardinalate. The mood in which these untoward results were usually treated is illustrated in another somewhat similar case, which was told to Augustin Nicholas, at Amsterdam, in explanation of the fact that the city was obliged to borrow a headsman from the neighboring towns whenever the services of one were required for an execution. It appears that a young man of Amsterdam, returning home late at night from a revel, sank upon a doorstep, in a drunken sleep. A thief emptied his pockets, securing among other things, a dirk, with which, a few minutes later, he stabbed a man in a quarrel. Returning to the sleeper, he slipped the bloody weapon back to its place. The young man awoke, but before he had taken many steps he was seized by the watch, who had just discovered the murder. Appearances were against him, he was tortured, confessed, persisted in confession after torture and was duly hanged. Soon after, the real criminal was condemned for another crime and revealed the history of the previous one, whereupon the States General of the United Provinces, using the ordinary logic of the criminal law, deprived the city of Amsterdam of its executioner, as a punishment for a result that was inevitable under the system.

A Wonderful Tree.

A tree well deserving cultivation, which exists in Morocco, is mentioned with favorable comment by Consul Drummond Hay in his trade report on Mogador for the past year. This remarkable tree is the "argan." It grows only in the provinces of Haka Shiedma and Sooz, and in times of scarcity affords nourishment both for the natives and their flocks. It is utilized in the following ways: In the first place, the peasants extract an oil from the nut, which is useful both for burning and cooking purposes. When the nuts ripen and fall off the trees they are collected by the natives, who are aided in the harvest by their goats. These animals swallow the fruit for the rind, but being unable to digest the nut, they throw it up again, and it is then added by their owners to the store for making the oil. For their private consumption the peasants rarely make a large quantity of oil at a time, but crack open a few handfuls of nuts with a stone, and, after toasting the kernels in an earthenware dish, grind them into flour. The oil is extracted by adding water in small quantities to the flour, which is stirred in a bowl. As the oil is being formed by this process, the flour hardens into a cake, which is finally squeezed, leaving the oil perfectly clear and fit for use. This kind of oilcake then serves as an excellent food for cattle, as also the dry rind of the nut, which is generally given to them with the cake, forming together their principal and most nutritious food during the year, and is invaluable to the natives in time of drought; for the argan tree is very hardy, and a dry year has little if any effect upon it. Even the empty husk of the nut when broken is not thrown away by the peasants, but is used as fuel. The best charcoal is made from the argan tree, and the dry timber is excellent firewood. The goats feed also upon the leaves of the tree, and when browsing in the argan forest may be seen climbing among the trees, plucking and nibbling the nuts and leaves.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Prussia has what is said to be a sure exterminator of the Colorado beetle.

The well-known steamship Great Eastern—the largest in the world—is to transport cattle from Texas to England.

It is estimated that 5,000,000 sheep, valued at $12,500,000, perished in Australia, last year, in consequence of the drought, which cut off the pasturage.

The largest piece of belting in the world is to be seen in the American department of the Paris Exposition. It is seven feet in width, and is made from 130 hides,

The cultivated land of France is held by 5,500,000 owners. Five millions do not own to exceed six acres each. A similar state of things exist in Belgium. But in Ireland one-fifth of the soil is held by 110 persons.

Mr. W. F. Parker, of Nashua, N. H., puzzles the doctors with an annual attack of the measles. For twenty years they have broken out upon him, on the same day of the year and at precisely the same hour.

A Chinaman found a nugget of gold in the Dunolly district of Australia weighing over twenty-two pounds. A rush of miners to the place was the result, but thus far none of them have been lucky. Australia's yield of gold has been steadily declining for years.

The enemies which the British soldiers encounter in Cyprus are deadly fevers, mosquitoes of the most numerous and pertinacious kind, wasps of a remarkably energetic character, and huge centipedes that have a sociable way of insisting on sharing their camp beds with them.

Of Longfellow's five children, Onslow, the eldest, is married and in business in Boston; Ernest is a rising young painter, studying in Europe; Alice, the eldest daughter, is a pleasing writer; Edith is now Mrs. Richard H. Dana third, and Anna is decidedly literary in her inclinations.

Frank Palmer, who was in the fight in which Custer was killed, tells how those who buried the bodies discriminated. They carefully interred the remains of the officers, piled stones over the graves, and inscribed them; but the privates were not buried at all, only covered, a little earth being thrown on them, and their bones are now strung from one end of the prairie to the other.

Last year in Massachusetts 12,737 couples were joined in the bond of wedlock. Of these there were 9,915 bachelors who chose maidens to be their wives and 608 who chose widows; while 1,396 widowers married maidens and 818 married widows. From this it appears that 788 more widowers than widows were married again, and that 1,396 maidens married widowers, when only 608 bachelors married widows.

The Pioche (Nev.) *Record* has this to say of Red Kenner: "He was a wild and reckless 'sport,' and has lived in the mountains for a number of years; he never forgot his old mother back in the States, and after selling his mining property down at Silver Reef for some $55,000 or $60,000, he took a trip home, purchased his mother a nice and comfortable homestead, and gave her nearly $40,000 to keep her from want in her old age, then returned to his wild mountain home with a light heart, knowing that his mother was well provided for the balance of her days on this earth. No matter how many Red's sins may be, his kindness to his mother will obliterate them all in the eyes of the people."

The Blue Hen Hotel.

"Some time ago," said the drummer, "I had occasion to visit the city of D——, in the State of Delaware, and I concluded to stop at the Blue Hen hotel, where I had spent one night during a previous visit. When I reached the spot where the hotel used to be, I was surprised to see that the tall building had given place to a low structure with a single row of windows, and the roof close to the ground. However, I recognized the keeper of the old hotel sitting on a chair in front of one of the windows, and I asked him where his establishment was.

"There she is, sir. I've enlarged her since you were here last."

"Indeed! Enlarged? I don't exactly understand."

"Oh, I know she looks smaller; but, stranger, I tell you that I've added four stories to this hotel since January, '75."

"What became of them?"

"I'll explain. After the hotel had been built a year or two she suddenly began to sink. I dunno what the reason is. A quicksand under her, I reckon. Anyhow, she kept going down and down, until the first story passed under ground. Then I moved the bar-room up stairs, put another story on top and began business again. Pretty soon she sank to another floor, and we moved up a second time and added another story. It's been nothing unusual in this house to go to bed in the second story and wake up in the morning to find yourself in the cellar. The milkman has regular instructions to pour the milk down the chimney in case he comes some morning early and can't dig out a window. Last month I overslept myself for forty-eight hours because the room remained dark, and when I did get up, the roof was just even with the streets.

"This part of the house that you see now I built on early last week. The property became too valuable to lease. There are sixteen stories to the Blue Hen now, and I have got to add another before the week is out. If this hotel was spread out sideways she'd be about three hundred yards long. Eventually I expect she'll be six or seven hundred stories high, and it 'll take you a week to get into the celler. I s'pose if I keep on, this here hotel will reach clean through, from Delaware to China. The lower end will come bursting out into Hong Kong or Shanghai, and maybe I'll be taken Chinamen for boarders without knowing it. Then, very likely, they'll tax both ends of the hotel and take money out of my pocket. They're always grinding a poor man so's he can hardly get along. Costs like thunder, you know, to run a hotel like this that requires so much to keep up a respectable appearance. I dunno exactly what I'll do if she breaks out on the other side of the earth and then slips through the hole. I can't carry on a hotel floating out into ethereal space, you know.

"I have some hopes that may be, before she sinks more'n a mile or two, she'll strike a volcanic vein or something and get a shove up; come all the way out, for all I know, and stand on solid ground. If she does, you come round and see me, and I'll take you up and show you the view. I'll bet you can see Pern and Oahkosh and Nova Zembla and Tuckertown, and all those places—regular bird's eye view. You come round anyway and I'll take you down into the cellar."

I said I would, and then I hunted up a safer hotel. The Blue Hen is too original, too eccentric for comfort.—*Max Adeler, in Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A Thirsty Boy.

I saw the boy who wanted a drink—a restless, questioning, uneasy, thirsty boy. He let the window fall on his fingers before the train had gone a mile. He stood out on the platform until he was incrusted two inches deep with ashes and dust and cinders. He went to the water cooler and got a drink; then he came back and told his mother he was hot, and went back and got another drink. He drank about four times per mile, seldom oftener, unless he was seized with a sudden uncontrollable spasm of thirst. If he was drinking, and somebody else came after a drink, the boy would suddenly seize the cup he had just set down and refill it, and drink as though he had wrapped his stomach in the desert of Sahara, glaring suspiciously over the top of the cup at the waiting passenger as he drank. When he was in his seat, he watched the aisle narrowly, and if he saw any passenger get up and move toward the water-cooler, he would jump up and race for it. If he got there first, he would drink and snore over the cup until the thirsty traveler forgot what he went down there after. People began to wonder how much the boy was gauged for, and if he wasn't rather straining his capacity. The remotest hint or suggestion was enough to send him back to the cooler. When the train ran over a creek, the water made him think of his thirst. When it rattled over a long stretch of dry prairie, the absence of water drove him mad. I was afraid the supply of water would give out before the boy was filled up, and he was rather a small boy, too. His interior circumference, I think, must have inclosed an area double in extent to that inclosed by the exterior belt. Near Waseca we ran nearly a mile without the boy making a stop at the tank. I grew very nervous now, for I was fearful that during such an unheard of abstinence from water his pumps would run dry, rust out, and he might blow up. So I leaned over the edge of the seat and said carelessly:

"By George, but I am thirsty. I wonder if there is any water in this car?"

You want to understand me now, as recording very plainly, and without any mental reservation, the fact that the boy's mother, sitting beside him, was no fool. Her eyes snapped when she heard my careless and innocent remark, she took in every syllable of it, and she turned on me in a flash with "I wish you would mind your own business and leave my boy alone!"

A low, mocking murmur of applause went through the car, a little of it for the indignant mother, some of it for the charity boy, but most of it for me. She suppressed "yours truly" very successfully, but it was too late. Long before she had finished that brief sentence her boy was down at the water-cooler holding his eyes tight shut to keep the water from running out of them, while he flooded his system as though he had taken a contract to keep up a perennial freshet inside of himself.—*Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

Continually in Hot Water.

The woman who is always falling to pieces came to the station a little late and had to make a rush for the train. When she reached her seat her hat fell off. She got it on, but it toppled over to one side, and when she tried to straighten it up her hair came tumbling down. She lost her ticket twice before the conductor reached her, and would have lost it again if he hadn't taken it away from her. She reached up to put a bundle in the rack above her head, and burst the collar button off her duster, and stuck her fingers on four pins in her dress before she could find one that she dared take out to repair the damage. Then just as she thought she had got comfortably settled her little hand valise, packed to bursting with enough things to load a Saratoga trunk to the muzzle, exploded, and she nearly worked herself into fragments getting it together again. Then by the time she got the valise shut up her hat tumbled off again, and by the time she got the hat straightened back into its place, her hair tumbled down again, and as soon as she got her hair twisted up, and harpooned in with a couple of hair pins, the valise went off, and when she got off at New Prague she tucked the gasping valise under her arm, and tried to corral her toppling hat and wandering hair with one hand, and as she went fluttering and straggling into the depot one couldn't help thinking that it would be safer and more convenient to run her in sections and flag her against everything. I have seen this woman on several other trains, and she has never been able to keep herself together. She keeps you in a state of agonizing suspense, for you never know where she is going to give way next.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

County Fairs.

The fair, as a pretext for bringing people together, has for twenty years taken the place of the ancient political mass-meetings of the North, and the barbecues and camp-meetings of the South. All the tribes of the farm districts go up to it. Not the fancy-stock raiser alone, with his fashionable clothes, high-crowned hat, shining sulky and thoroughbred mare, or his neighbor, the Squire, solid and keen-eyed, in his muddy "Jarsey," the broad back of his coat sunburned a dozen shades; but their wives and their daughters also, the storekeeper with whom they trade in the village, the lawyer who expounds greenbacks or the labor question to them in the drug shop of an evening, the editor of the country paper, and his young college-bred man-of-all-work, who writes leading articles, gums wrappers and mails the paper by turn. Specimens of all the farm stock join the great caravans; monster oxen and enormous pigs, dainty Alderneys and miniature bantams, famous imported ewes and bulls, heavily insured before they go, and sent with a corporal's guard of watchers. Then there are marvelous cheeses and butter, crystal jellies and homemade wines, invariably attended by their anxious owners, sharp-eyed matrons or pretty but loud-voiced girls.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Hindoo Weddings.

Among the Hindoos early marriages are the rule. By the time a boy of good family has reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, a wife has been selected for him, usually a girl a year or two younger than himself. Very possibly he has never seen her until the marriage ceremony is about to be performed. At the wedding both families lay themselves out to make the utmost possible display. Relatives, friends and guests are gathered in the house of the bride's father. Clad in her richest attire, the girl kneels on a slight platform covered with a rich tissue, the boy sitting cross-legged opposite her. The bride's father raises her hand over a vase filled with the holy water of the Ganges, and places her hand in that of the bridegroom, who puts the ring on her finger, amid the prayers of the Brahmins. This is the essential part of the ceremony, which makes them husband and wife. The genealogy of the husband is then formally read, and the stipulated dowry is paid over to him. After this, the festivities begin, and are kept up for several days.

RUNNING THE FAST TRAIN.

Lightning-Like Railroad Speed Between New York and Philadelphia—A Mile in Forty-Eight Seconds.

The train leaving this city at 7.35 in the morning for New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad is among the fastest in the world. Indeed, a portion of the distance is made at a rate scarcely obtained by any other road in Europe or America. The distance between West Philadelphia and Jersey City is eighty-nine miles, accomplished in one hour and fifty-four minutes, with a single stop, while the return is six minutes less, including two stops. This gives a rate in going, of nearly fifty miles, and in returning of slightly more than fifty miles an hour, surpassing that of the celebrated Queen's mail between London and Holyhead, where the run of 264 miles occupies seven hours. At half past seven o'clock on the morning when a *Times* man, by permission, boarded the engine at the West Philadelphia depot the steam guage marked 120 pounds and "still rising." Precisely five minutes later the bell clinked over the engineer's head, and almost simultaneously he gave a slight clutch of the taneously he gave a slight clutch of the lever and the train of four cars was off. It stopped at Germantown Junction thirteen minutes later. As soon as the engine got clear of the suburbs she shrieked and bounded away at greater speed. About twenty minutes after it wound its way through Bristol, and in till less time the iron bridge over the Delaware was sighted and Trenton was bisected at the same moderate speed which had been adhered to through Philadelphia. But it was necessary to do better in order to reach Jersey City, nearly sixty miles away at the appointed time. Trenton was scarcely passed when the engineer touched up his steed. Between the first two mile posts noted, the distance was passed in sixty-three seconds; the next in a little less, and a third in precisely sixty. Hurrah! The train was spinning along at the rate of a mile a minute. And yet everything proceeded with so much smoothness that it was impossible to appreciate the amazing swiftness. There was no unusual jolting, and in the cars the passengers were smoking, dozing or reading, just as though it was an ordinary train in which they were riding. Just beyond Princeton, the speed rose to the rate of a mile in fifty-eight seconds and continued it without diminution, except a slight "slowing up" at Monmouth Junction, until New Brunswick was in view. As soon as the town was left behind the engine was at it again, and in the neighborhood of Menlo Park the speed became prodigious, as if the locomotive was snorting defiance to to the wonderful Edison in his laboratory under the hill.

In this neighborhood Conductor Silance, with watch in hand, carefully timed the train for three miles. The first was passed in fifty-four seconds, the second in fifty-two, and the third in fifty. The last was seventy-two miles an hour. The puffs from the engine had become a continuous shuddering roar; the driving wheels were spinning around four hundred times a minute—a half dozen times a second—with a centrifugal force that, it would seem, ought to shatter their peripheries to atoms. The day was a hot one and the air was at a dead calm, but it rushed through the narrow door in front of the engine like a tornado. Small bridges were thundered over so quickly that they gave a single rumble as they whisked out of sight behind; the express train coming from the opposite direction flashed by like a meteor in a single hot puff of air; you might yell to the engineer, two feet distant, and yet he would only see your lips move, without hearing anything above the deafening roar of the engine, which drowns everything except the shriek of the whistle. All the time the fireman steadily shovels in coal or climbs around the engine with oil can in hand, his clothing fluttering so fiercely in the wind that it seems in danger of being blown off. The engineer with his hand upon the lever watches, with a cat-like vigilance, the rails sweeping under his wheels. The whole train is constantly under his eye, and he never allows his attention to be diverted for an instant.

One Saturday morning, as the train was approaching New Brunswick, and before its speed had diminished, Ed Osmond, the engineer, felt a sudden thump beneath him. It was repeated instantly, and then his entire side of the cab flew off as if from a thunderbolt. But the veteran knew like a flash what was coming when he heard the first thump, and with one bound he threw himself astride the boiler, shut off steam, and applied the automatic air brake. This stopped the train with such suddenness as almost to throw the passengers off their seats; but no one was hurt, and the slight scratch of the engineer's nose and the blow on his arm did not prevent his running back to Philadelphia in the evening. This is the only accident which the fast train has encountered since it began running on the 8th of July last As proof of the ease with which the extraordinary speed is maintained, it may be said that the train goes into the Jersey City depot frequently ahead of the schedule time. One day the passengers began stepping off just a minute and a half before the train was due. Of the twenty-nine trips from West Philadelphia to New York, twenty-five were made on time connection. The train has been missed only twice. Once was on account of the accident mentioned, and the other was a twelve minute detention caused by an excursion train getting in the way. The other delays were just two minutes apiece, occasioned by the draw in the river. The return trip fails oftener, it being difficult to get away from Jersey city at the exact moment, while the run is harder, including more up grade.

The train generally consists of four or five cars, including a palace one, and averages about 300 passengers a day. It is under the charge of Louis Silance, an experienced conductor, while the two engines, which alternately do the work, are run by the veterans Edward Osmond, who has been on the road twenty-one years and has handled a locomotive sixteen years, and Frank Peacock, equally skilled and careful. The register shows that many a mile has been made in forty-eight seconds, which is at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. Going eastward the train makes one and in returning two stops. The driving wheels of the engine are only five feet in diameter, but this will probably be increased to five and a half feet.—*Philadelphia Times.*

There are 40,000 Germans in San Francisco, and 30,000 more in the States and Territories of the Pacific coast. They take an active interest in politics and in stock speculations. There are two daily newspapers published in German in the California metropolis, and five weeklies, two of them illustrated. A large proportion of the German element is devoted to agriculture and stock-raising, and many lead a seafaring life. Most of the trade with the Mexican coast, and much of the bay and Sacramento river trade is in the hands of the German ship owners and shipping and commission agents.

Customer.—"Waiter, this bit of turbot is not so good as that you gave us yesterday." Waiter.—"Beg pardon, sir; it's off the same fish."

A Camel on the Rampage.

We have often laughed over the story of the man who had a tiger by the tail, and dared not let go. But even his unpleasant situation has often been surpassed by the comedy of a thief's punishment who mistook the quality of his plunder. The Virginia City *Chronicle* tells a long and very droll story of a night adventure of some prowling Mexicans with an old camel. The following is the substance of it:

It seems that a certain French settler in Nevada owns a herd of camels, which Oriental animals he pastures on his ranch near Carson river, below Dayton. One of the camels, dubbed "Old Heenan" by the herders, is a monster in size, and wears a coat of fine silky hair, almost a foot long. The rascally Mexican vaqueros in the neighborhood coveted Old Heenan's hair (for their leggings and saddle trimmings), and one night two of them determined to catch him and clip him. Mounted on their mustangs, they rode softly to the Frenchman's ranch, and finding the big camel lying down, and apparently an easy prey, soon had their lassos round his long neck. Old Heenan felt the pull, and rose to his feet in astonishment and indignation. The little horses were horribly frightened at the living mountain of flesh and bones that so suddenly towered up before them; but the strong riatas were made fast to their saddles, and they could not get away. For the next few minutes the excitement was intense—as if a whole menagerie had been let loose. Old Heenan ran first at one mustang and then at the other, with his mouth wide open, and hissing and blowing with rage; and the poor mustangs snorted in terror, and jumped, and reared, and tumbled down. The big camel rushed around, intent on vengeance, and the little horses plunged the length of the lassos, only to be twitched back upon their haunches again. The dust rose in a perfect smudge, and all the sage-bush was trampled flat for a space of five square rods.

The thievish Mexicans soon began to be as anxious to get away as their horses were, and making the best of a bad job, they whipped out their shears and cut the lasso thongs. Old Heenan stood scornfully, with the long riatas trailing from his neck, and let his beaten tormentors gallop off the field. The thieves felt chagrined enough at their failure. Besides their rough handling, they had lost their riatas, and these would be hard to replace. They concluded they would try to recover them, and presently one of them came sneaking suspender button in his hand, and wondering whether it will hurt less to pull the needle out of his thumb the same way it went in, or push it on through.—*Hawkeye.*

'Tis now the spirit of beauty dwells
Serenely in the "powerful cloves;"
The blackbird flies from our fragrant dells
To languish in Southern fields of roses.

'Tis now new styles of hats eclipse
Anything heretofore worn by women;
'Tis now that the schoolboy pockers his lips,
As he sinks his teeth in the vague persimmon.
—*New York Graphic.*

Mr. C. D. Sanders, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, is a tall, straight, robust man, between fifty and sixty. He has not slept for fifteen years; he feels tired sometimes, but never sleepy; though he has tried working continously for ten or eleven days and nights. Heavy opiates have no effect upon him. At night he goes to bed, "so as to be out of the way," and lies there and thinks, but does not sleep.

The big picture of the Berlin congress by Director Werner, painted to the order of the city of Berlin, is under way. The artist took separate sketches in water color of all the members of the congress, and that of Lord Beaconsfield is among the best. In the picture he is to be represented standing at the upper end of the congress table, leaning over the chair of Prince Gortchakoff, and laughing in a friendly way with that celebrity. Prince Bismarck stands firmly planted beside them, and Counts Andrassy and Schouvaloff are depicted advancing to shake hands. The picture promises to be of interest and excellence.

An Aeronaut's Horrible Death.

Considerable has been said of late concerning the time, place and manner of the death of Prof. LaMountain, the aeronaut. Notwithstanding it has been only about five years since his death occurred, and notwithstanding the fact that his death was simply horrible to think of and was given great publicity at the time, scarcely any person could remember it. This illustrates how quickly important events even pass from the minds of the people.

On the fourth of July, 1873, Prof. LaMountain made an ascension from Ionia, Mich. The arrangements of the ropes before the balloon started were thought to be wrong, but the professor thought everything was all right. There was a tremendous crowd present. Immediately after leaving the ground the mouth of the canvas began to flop around with great violence. When half a mile from the earth, the balloon slipped between the ropes and was instantly inverted. The car and its occupant dropped like a shot. With the most terrific velocity the unfortunate man descended, clinging to the basket. That he was conscious was evident from his struggles. He strove to raise the basket above him, evidently hoping to use it as a parachute. He succeeded in his object, but when about one hundred feet high, he loosed his hold, folded his hands and arms before his face, and, feet first, struck the ground with a dull heavy thud. Then ensued a panic among the multitude almost indiscribable. Women fainted; men wept, and to add to the confusion, the canvas came flying over the crowd like a huge bird. Some one cried to get out of the way, as it would fall with crushing force. At this a general rush was made for safety, in which many were injured, and some for life.

LaMountain was crushed into a literal pulp. Not a sign of motion of life was visible when his body was reached. Medical examination disclosed the fact that hardly a whole bone was left. Many were ground and splintered to powder. His jaws fell upon his arms and were pulverized. Where he struck there was an indention made in the hard gravel ground of several inches deep. The corpse was laid out in the public square and was viewed by

Centre Reporter.

W. D. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

—:0:—

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Oct. 10, 1878.

FOR GOVERNOR:
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union Co.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery Co.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford Co.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS:
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

Pres't Judge—C. A. Mayer.
Congress—Andrew G. Curtin.
Senator—Cyrus T. Alexander.
Assembly—Wm. A. Murray, Harris; J. P. Gephart, Bellefonte.
Sheriff—John Spangler, Potter.
Treasurer—Adam Yearick, Marion.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper, Bellef.
Commissioners—George Swab, Harris; Jacob Dunkle, Walker.
Register—W. E. Burchfield, Ferg.
Recorder—Wm. A. Tobias, Bellef.
Auditors—Ths. B. Jamison, Gregg; George Williams, Union.
Coroner—C. Cambridge, Boggs.

Democrats, remember, that this election decides the politics of the state for four years and a U. S. Senator. Can you afford to be napping or growling because some man on the ticket may not please you? Waken up—our party can succeed and gain over the old Keystone if every democrat does his duty.

The boss bank failure is telegraphed from Europe, it sets all other, any other half dozen bank failures, in this or any other country in the shade. The City of Glasgow bank closed its doors on 2 inst., with $50,000,000 liabilities—only 50 millions! The bank was established in 1839, and had fifty to sixty branches. This is the heaviest bank failure in Scotland since 1857, when this concern also suspended. The other Scotch banks were asked for assistance, but after examining the books, at a meeting refused to do more than redeem the note circulation of the city of Glasgow bank, which is stated at three and a quarter million dollars.

The failure has caused great excitement throughout Scotland and in the London stock exchange, where there was a heavy fall in Scotch railroad securities in consequence of a pressure of Scotch holders to sell. The failure of the bank is generally attributed to its resources being locked up in bills, shares and debentures of various kinds that were not readily convertible.

Would like to know what the repubs nominated a ticket for—they can only elect a commissioner. The greenbackers will beat the repubs, and the democrats will beat both pubs and 'backers.

The democrats of Worth county, Mo., have nominated E. S. Garver, a former typo in this office, for Assembly. We congratulate Elias—he will make a good representative.

Caldwell, greenback nominee for senator was cashier of a broken bank, of the bankrupt firm of Wm. M. Lloyd & Co. It takes a great deal of impudence to ask a laboring man to vote for such a fellow. The greenbackers were very unfortunate in some of their selections for nominees.

Colorado, Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Ohio and West Virginia hold elections during the present month of October. Of these States Georgia, Indiana, Ohio and West Virginia are democratic; Iowa and Nebraska are republican, and Colorado is claimed by the republicans.

It is surprising, when you read the republican papers, to learn what good, and worthy fellows all the democratic candidates for congress were, excepting Gov. Curtin, now that he has the nomination. Of course they were, and Curtin as well as the rest, as he is the brightest. But had any other one out of the lot been nominated, these same sheets would have made out Curtin and the balance good and worthy, and the lucky one, be it Reed, Baker, Test, or Meek, as a very bad chap. We all know that a large fraction of the rads, the corrupt Cameron ring, are mad because Curtin is the democratic nominee, but the democracy are in no better humor than when the other fellows are very mad.

Wm. Bigler, one of the noblest of Pennsylvania's governors who is not seeking office or profit from politics, said this recently: I have many democratic friends in Centre county, tell them for me, that the noblest thing they can do is to elect Gov. Curtin for congress.

Gen. Shields, the hero of two wars, crippled in each, wants the democrats to elect Gov. Curtin to congress.

IOWA ASKS FOR CURTIN.

Not alone does every leading democrat in Pennsylvania rejoice over Curtin's nomination, but the democracy in far off Iowa join in the cry with rejoicing that so able a man as Gov. Curtin is to be sent to the national legislature. We print in another column an article from the Burlington (Iowa) Gazette, the organ of the democracy of that state, and ask every democrat to read it.

CURTIN AT WORK.

Gov. Curtin is speaking every day in favor of Dill and the ticket. Last week he spoke in Allentown, Reading and other towns in the east, night and day. This week he is speaking in the oil regions. Gov. Curtin labored in this manner for the democratic party for the last six years. What democrat will not feel grateful to him for it and cheerfully vote for Andy for Congress. We feel proud that we have so able an accession to the democratic ranks.

THE STATUS OF THE SOUTHERN CLAIMS.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

"Will the loyal men of America." asks the Burlington Hawkeye, "vote to pay the rebel claims against the Government?" For the information of the Hawkeye we will state that the rebels have no claims against the Government. For the sake both of truth and convenience, the conundrum should have been couched in the following respectful language: Will either the loyal men of the North or the patriotic men of the South vote to pay bogus loyal claims.

Yocum's "meetens" are all capable of being held on the rim of his white hat with the crown for his rostrum.

Lord Beaconsfield has the gout. Well better he than some other poor fellow. He can afford it.

Greenbackers and democrats in Iowa have joined hands on a state ticket. Something may drop there.

Dill never was a corporation man—he comes from the common walks. Hoyt, besides being the pet of the grinding corporations, is also the lap dog of the Camerons.

ANDREW G. CURTIN.

Six years ago when Hon. A. G. Curtin returned from Russia, resigned one of the highest offices within the gift of a republican administration and came over to the democracy who were in a minority, taking the stump for Buckalew, there was not a democrat in Centre county or in Pennsylvania, who did not rejoice that so eminent and able a man as Gov. Curtin, disgusted with the corruption of his party, had come over, and joined the democracy for reform.

On his arrival at his home in Bellefonte, in the fall of 1872, the democracy of Centre and Clinton counties turned out and gave the great war governor one of the most magnificent receptions ever tendered to any public man in this state. The town was literally packed with enthusiastic democrats who had come to do Gov. Curtin honor; the torch light parade on that evening was one of the memorable events of Bellefonte. From the Watchman office hung a mammoth banner, inscribed upon it, "Welcome to Gov. Curtin," in three feet letters. Every democrat rejoiced in his heart that Andrew G. Curtin was with our party and that the democracy were to have his valuable services. The rejoicing was shared by the democracy of the entire Keystone state and of the whole Union. Gov. Bigler resigned his place upon the democratic ticket as delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention, that Gov. Curtin might have his place, and to that position he was elected by receiving every democratic vote in the state.

Six years have passed since these important events in the history of Gov. Curtin, and that gentleman has remained with our party, battleing earnestly every year for the success of its principles and nominees, and boldly endorsing its platform of principles. Certainly Andrew G. Curtin, with all his ability and the prestige of his great name was an accession to our ranks worth having, and for these he was welcomed by the democratic hosts.

The democratic party is not in a position to slam its doors in the face of men who ask to join us from the republican ranks. If we would win we must get our gains from the opposition. And it would be the crazyiest folly to close our door's on the best material in the opposition ranks.

Then why is Gov. Curtin not worthy the confidence and vote of every democrat? What better evidences of a man's sincerity can be had than that which we find as related in the above brief facts? Gov. Curtin in congress will be a representative of whom every citizen of this congressional district can feel proud, and the district will do itself great honor by sending him there.

Gov. Curtin is a democrat without reservation. Every speech he has made lately (and since 1872) contains the declaration that the democratic platform has his warmest approval.

Let every democrat, then arouse to his duty—go to work for the whole ticket, and see that his neighbor is right. A democratic defeat this fall means defeat for many years—the next governor will hold four years. It will have a damaging effect upon the next presidential election which is so certain for the democracy, unless they now fritter away the chances. There are no more returning-boards to cheat us. We need only once more march up determinedly to the work, and it is done.

Democrats of Centre, do your duty. Do not endanger the success of the party by petty bickerings. Men are nothing—principles and the triumph of them is all.

Democrats, go to work—our whole ticket from Dill and Curtin down to Coroner is worthy of your most earnest support.

Telegraphic despatches from India leave little room for hope that the Afghan difficulty will be arranged peaceably. The government is hastening on military preparations. Troops are being collected from all sides and sent to various points on the northwest frontier of India. The Times' correspondent at Calcutta telegraphs as follows:—"The government will make Lahore their headquarters for the winter and will not return to Calcutta. The Foreign Office has received orders from the camp at Lahore. This looks as if the Viceroy entertained no hopes of peace. The government are anxious to avoid acting harshly. The Ameer has still the choice of submission open to him. In any event I doubt whether an attempt to invade Afghanistan on a large scale will be made until spring. Accurate information regarding the Ameer's strength is wanting, but it is known that he has a well equipped standing army, after the European model, besides irregular levels. The most difficult question to be encountered is the possible hostile attitude of the border tribes. The faintest mistake in fact or error of judgment might excite a blaze of warfare along the whole frontier of 800 miles. It is estimated that these tribes can easily turn out 100,000 fighting men."

THE IOWA DEMOCRACY FOR CURTIN.

From the Burlington, Iowa Gazette.

A political friend, writing from Bellefonte, Pa., says: "We are having a hard contest in this district, but shall certainly nominate and elect Ex-Governor Andrew Gregg Curtin to congress. He is a native of this county (Centre) and we have carried it for him. He will prove an invaluable auxiliary to the democratic phalanx in the House, while his talents and experience will place him in the front rank as a debater and a statesman."

We fully endorse all that our correspondent says of Ex-Governor Curtin. He is a fine type of the true-hearted sons of the noble old Keystone state. When the Union was imperilled, he put forth all his energies of mind and body to save it. As governor of Pennsylvania he administered the affairs of that great commonwealth during our civil and fratricidal war in such a manner as to gain for him high civic honors and the warm approval of his government and the people. The mission to Russia was conferred upon him as an acknowledgement of extraordinary services, and he also won the soubriquet of "The War Governor."

With the forms of the Union, Governor Curtin seeks to restore its heart and spirit. He therefore resigned his high office in Russia to return home in 1872, and engage, as he did, heart and soul, in the great work of "bridging over the bloody chasm" between the north and the south. He thinks that "peace hath her victories as well as war;" that now is the time to build up the prosperity of our country; and to accomplish this great end, there should be a complete restoration of brotherly feeling throughout our America. The Governor is there fore on disciple of the "gospel of hate," and wholly devoid of all sectional and fanatical feelings.

He is, however, the sworn enemy to the gigantic abuses and corruptions with which the republican party bristles all over. He will wage war to the knife and knife to the hilt, against all "Credit Mobiliers," "salary grabs," whisky rings and against the Belknaps, Robesons and Camerons, father and son. All such villainous measures and thieving men will feel the weight of his steels, Hence, the nation is interested in Governor Curtin's election.

The democracy of the west, moreover, owe him a large debt of gratitude for his bold and eloquent speeches made in 1876 in behalf of reform and of our candidates Especially were Governor Curtin's great powers felt in Indiana—that battle-field upon which the gubernatorial and presidential elections were fought and won. The latter to be afterwards lost by a fraud—a crime the greatest ever committed against elective government, and which it is the duty of all honest men to rebuke and punish. Curtin will prove a giant in that work.

The Harper family, known in Pennsvalley, is one of the oldest in it. It was and is large, influential and ever found active in support of democracy. Four of the Harpers have left this valley and gone to Bellefonte, where they have for ten or more years engaged in the mercantile business and their standing there is No. 1. These have been among the most active workers in the democratic ranks, all their lives. None of this hard working Harper family has ever before asked for an office—although any of them is competent to fill any office in this county. Now we have, for the first time, one upon the ticket, a nephew of the ones referred to above, who is a competent, worthy, self-made young man, and he has been fairly nominated for Prothonotary, after a fair canvass, and over other equally as good men. Now why should he not have every democratic vote? It is a recognition due the Harper family alone, says nothing of the fitness and excellent character of J. C. Harper, who is now upon the ticket. Let no democrat be guilty of ingratitude. Because he is young is no reason at all, and because he is admitted worthy and competent is every reason why every democrat should vote for J. C. Harper for Prothonotary. It is due the old democratic stock as well as the cion.

C. S. M'Cormick, esq., announces himself as an independent candidate for Judge in opposition to C. A. Mayer.

Mr. M'Cormick announced himself in the REPORTER, and in all the democratic papers of this judicial district, previous to the primary elections, as a candidate subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention. He was fairly and even badly defeated, and now he goes back upon his sacred pledge, violates it, and runs independent! Is such a man the proper person for a Judgeship—should he not be a man of honor, integrity and whose word is as good as his bond? Suppose M'Cormick would have been charged with such intent when he made his announcement, he would have deemed it an insult, and yet, to this has he come. Well, he'll not come to the Judgeship. The people have fixed upon the right gentleman, C. A. Mayer, and Mr. M'Cormick's own course is the very best proof of it.

The Greenbackers in the Lycoming district were trying to nominate Herdic for senator. A broken up monopolist for the labor party.

The greenbackers of this district, nominated Caldwell for senator—a cashier of a broken bank. And that for the labor party.

Laboring men don't be humbugged by the greenback leaders, they are not sincere.

Bellefonte has a law firm that has more congressional timber in it than any other between the two seas—Bush, Yocum & Hastings. Bush was a prominent democratic candidate for congress. Yocum, has been nominated for congress by the greenbackers, and we offered Hastings the rad nomination which he very politely declined.

What democrat, in the last 18 years, was elected to any office, in this county, without the earnest and efficient assistance of John Spangler? Now is your time to "return the compliment." Mr. Spangler has ever been one of the most active democrats.

GOV. CURTIN'S DEVOTION TO THE SOLDIER AND SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Many a poor fellow went to the front with the lighter heart on the assurance from the great War Governor that his family should be protected and that if he fell in battle his children should be provided for as the wards of the State. How noble this promise was, redeemed cannot be unknown to any who is familiar with the history of Pennsylvania during the last seventeen years; nor can it be unknown to such that it was owing to Gov. Curtin's untiring zeal and extraordinary energy that it was done. No other State in the Union can say, as Pennsylvania can, that the honored remains of every one of her soldiers who died in the service of the Union are buried in the soil of their own State, and that every soldier's orphan who needed assistance has been cared for at her expense. Over seven thousand orphans are living witnesses of Andrew G. Curtin's performance of patriotic duty. This story, as well as that of his fulfillment of all the obligations of loyalty in the raising and equipment of troops with an enthusiasm that overrode all obstacles, is known to the whole country. There may be honest difference of opinion as to his political faith and conduct, but no attack upon the war record of Gov. Curtin can be charged to any other account than ignorance or malevolence, and its motive cannot be hidden even by the ample though threadbare cloak of partisanry.

STAND UP AND ANSWER!

The democratic party and its candidates have nothing to defend. The republican party has been in power in the state and nation without interruption for eighteen years. The control of one house of the legislature or of congress by the democratic party gave the latter merely a negative power which could avail but little in the enactment of laws for the relief of the people. Therefore the republican party is responsible for the legislation of the last eighteen years. If corruptions have been fostered to the injury of individuals, if capital has been protected to the disadvantage of labor, if the tariff has been tinkered and finance botched, if the public revenues have been squandered and the treasuries of the people plundered, the party in power, not the protesting minority, is chargeable with the fault and the crime. It is the republican party, therefore, that is on the defensive. It is the republican leaders that are on trial. Nor can this party now under indictment by the grand inquest of the people hope to escape by bringing a cross action against this or that democratic candidate. It must stand or fall by the defense it is able to make of its own actions. It cannot stand mute and refuse to plead. It must not only deny that it has administered government wastefully and corruptly, that it has passed wicked and oppressive laws, that it has stolen the presidency, that it has brought upon the country financial confusion, prostration of business and widespread destitution and misery, but the burden of proof is now upon it to show that it is not the author of all these mischiefs which have been proved upon it by the testimoney produced on behalf of the people. Stand up and answer, ye leaders of the republican party! Disprove, if you can, the testimony of the record against you in the

Credit Mobilier Swindle,
The Freedman's Bank Fraud,
The Emma Mine Swindle,
The Carpet Bag Robberies,
The Indian Ring Frauds,
The Defalcations in the Public Service,
Belknapery and Babcockery,
The Black Friday Swindle,
The stolen Presidency,
and in Pennsylvania the
$150,000 Extra Pay Legislature,
The Recorder Job,
The defeat of the Free Pipe Bill,
The defeat of the Anti-Discrimination Bill,
The creation of useless and expensive commissions,
The disregard of the provisions of the reform constitution,
Increase of ordinary expenditures of state government over democratic expenditures $1,000,000 per annum.
The Cameron Succession Scheme.

CURTIN STOPPED THE ROBBERS OF THE SOLDIER.

During the war when a baseless set of scamps made a business and fortune by robbing the poor soldier, and when quarter masters and commissaries joined in to fleece the man who carried the musket, the work of the robbers came to the ears of Andrew G. Curtin, who was then governor of this state, and every soldier well knows how the great war governor stepped up and took these robbers by the throat and had them driven off for their infamous transactions. Soldiers, and you who had a father, son or brother in the army, found a true friend and protector for him in Andrew G. Curtin, and rested easier. Soldiers of Centre county, and of Pennsylvania you all know this. It was you soldiers, who gave Curtin the name of "THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND," and you remember him to-day yet as the Great War Governor, who stood between you and the unprincipled scoundrels, who now compose the Cameron ring, that wanted to rob and fleece you.

Because Andrew G. Curtin thus stood up for you as your friend and protector, the Cameron gang are now traducing him and trying to prevent his election to congress. Soldiers stand by him as he stood by you. In congress you will find Curtin standing by your interests as he did when you were upon the tented field.

It was Curtin who stopped the robbers, shysters, and shoddyists during the war, and the Cameron gang wants him defeated now for congress because they fear he will interfere with their plundering operations under the government.

Tax-payers, soldiers, duty calls you to vote for Curtin; gratitude for what he has already done for you—calls for you to vote for Curtin. That the iniquitous Cameron gang hates him and is trying to defeat him, is enough to make every honest man vote for Curtin.

RAD. CONGR. CONFERENCE.

The republican congressional conference met at Bellefonte on Tuesday. They were much at sea before the meeting as to what was best to do. Some were for making a straight republican nomination; others for making no nomination, and others still for fusing with Yocum's white hat. The conference met, and it scattered again and the boys went home. The feeling on the street as given above prevailed in the conference. One element was for a straight out republican nominee. Others favored no nomination, and others for adopting Yocum's white hat, which caused the rest to swear they'd sooner vote the democratic ticket than do that. Bob. Valentine, the choice of the Centre county straight-outs, swore he'd not serve even if elected. And so they adjourned.

THE BEST MAN FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

As the district is Democratic by 5,000 majority, and as Gov. Curtin is acceptable to the Greenbackers, his election will be pretty much of a "walk-over." For weeks before the Republican organs of the Cameron persuasion were earnestly striving to convince the Democrats of Centre that the "War Governor" was the very worst man they could nominate, and entreating them, in their choice of a candidate, to "take any shape but that." They do not seem, however, to have been convinced, but have gone and done it under the belief that the worst man for the Cameron ring was the best man for the Democracy—in which we are inclined to the belief that they were near enough right for all practical purposes.—Elk Co. Gazette.

THE GRACEFUL THING.

The choice of ex-Governor Curtin to represent the Union county district in Congress, by the Democrats, is one of the most graceful recognitions made in the State. He will add strength to the ticket, and besides will make a representative that will do honor to the party.—Doylestown Democrat.

The present outgo of breadstuffs is simply enormous. New York never before equalled the wheat shipment of the past two weeks, which reached more than 5,000,000 bushels, exclusive of 70,000 barrels of flour and 1,300,000 bushels of corn. The same heavy shipments have been made from all the other Northern ports, as is shown by the following table, given by the New York Tribune. It presents the outgo of wheat for the first half of September, last year and this:

	1877.	1878.
New York	1,031,038	4,518,843
Baltimore	484,010	1,889,776
Philadelphia	307,824	813,381
Montreal	373,291	729,208
Boston	60,475	190,546
Chicago, direct	.....	17,143
Total bushels	2,297,341	8,158,877

—Who took the shoddyites by the throats?
Andrew G. Curtin.
Who drove the thieves from the camp of the Pennsylvania soldiers?
Andrew G. Curtin.
Who hates and wants Curtin defeated for Congress?
The thieving Cameron ring.
Honest men your duty is plain.

They don't think so much of Kearney in Boston as they did. He was in East Boston on Tuesday evening and addressed a "magnificent audience of independent workingmen," composed principally of boys, women and young girls. Kearney hadn't spoke very long when onions and potatoes began to fly, and the apostle from California, boiling over with rage, launched his choicest invectives at the crowd. "Oh! you miserable, blood-sucking bummers," cried Kearney. "Oh! you sneaking thieves in the employ of political cut-throats; if I could find the dirty contemptible whelp who threw that onion I'd shoot him as I would a dog." Then the crowd yelled, the boys burned blue-lights under the speaker's feet and Kearney passed around his hat.

THE FEVER PESTILENCE.

Increase of the Scourge in Louisiana—Scarcely a Family Escapes in Algiers.

No decrease in yellow fever—the pestilence seems to be marching on.

New Orleans, October 5.—The fever hangs on the skirts of the city, the lower portion showing a steady increase. While the river front seems to be almost free of cases, in the rear of the city it holds on, in certain localities with a persistency which is really remarkable. One block—that bounded by Felicity, St. Andrew, Liberty and Howard streets, it has never left since it first appeared.

The fever is spreading daily in Algiers scarcely a family in that place has been exempt from the disease. The industrial resources of that part of this city lies in its dry docks, oil works and railroad shops, all of which are now closed. The closing of the docks, etc., has thrown thousands of mechanics and laborers out of employment in this once busy little place, and many of the late workmen are in a state of absolute destitution.

Bay St. Louis, October 5.—Thirteen new cases and three deaths.

Baton Rouge, October 5.—Deaths seven; new cases, eighty-six. Disease more malignant.

Tangipahoa, October 5.—Great distress. Dr. Carter's family are all down. Six new cases; two deaths.

Thibodaux, October 5—Fever rapidly increasing in this parish. Seventeen new cases, three deaths, two black, one white.

The yellow fever still retains its hold upon the unfortunate Southern country. In Louisiana and Tennessee the situation is worse than it was last week. The fever seems to have broken out with fresh virulence, and a large number of new cases are reported.

THE ERRORS OF SOCIALISM.

Prof. W. G. Sumner in Scribner for October.

The project of the socialists are based on the dogmas that man is born free and good, when he is, in fact, born helpless, and good or bad, as he works out his destiny; that the responsibility for vice and crime is on society, when, in truth, it is in the individual; that nature meets men at the outset with gratuitous bounty, which some appropriate to the exclusion of others, when, in fact, nature holds back every thing, and surrenders only to force and labor; that man is born endowed with "natural rights," when, in truth, nothing can be affirmed universally of the state of man by nature save that he is born to struggle for his own preservation, with nothing but the family to help him, and nothing but liberty, or the security of using his own energies for his own welfare, as a fair claim upon his fellow-men; that work is pleasant, or, under some circumstances, might be so, when, in truth, work is irksome; that men universally may be made, by some conventional agreement or sentimental impulse, to work for others to enjoy the product, or to save in order to give away; that they may be led universally to lay aside talents, health, and other advantages; that we can increase consumption and lessen production, yet have more; that all have an equal right to the product of sons; that talents are the result of chance, which intelligence ought to correct, when, in truth, talents are the reward, from generation to generation, of industry, temperance, and prudence; that the passions need no control, and that self-denial is a vice. This is the socialistic creed, and from it it follows that a man has a "natural right" to whatever he needs; that his wishes are the measure of his claims of his fellow-men; that, if he is in distress, somebody is bound to get him out; that somebody ought to decide what work every one should do, regardless of aptitude; to distribute the products equally, regardless of merit, and to determine consumption, regardless of taste or preference. As this "some one" must be a pure despot, or, in fact, a god, all socialistic schemes annihilate liberty. Most of them are atheistic, and reject any other god than the master of society.

NOMINATION OF CURTIN.

[Philadelphia Times, 27.]

Andrew G. Gurtin was yesterday nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Twentieth district, composed of the counties of Centre, Clearfield, Clinton, Union, Mifflin and Elk. The district is largely democratic, and under any ordinary circumstances the nomination would insure an election, but in the confusion that prevails generally throughout the country, and with rather more than average success in most of the counties in which Curtin is a candidate, he will doubtless be chosen by a majority that can hardly be equaled by any other Pennsylvania Congressman this fall. There are a few Democrats who would have had boats of their own in opposition to the ark had they lived at the time of the deluge, and such will not vote for Curtin with alacrity, and some of them may vote against him; and there are other Democrats of easy virtue who will consult with Cameron and be persuaded to demand a Simon pure Democratic candidate, but between the two elements they won't command a tenth of the votes that Curtin will receive direct from the old Republican ranks. In addition to the Democratic and Conservative Republican vote that will combine on Curtin, a great portion of the vote of the Nationals of the district will go to him, notwithstanding the nomination of Mr. Yocum by the Greenback convention yesterday. If the Nationals should run an opposition candidate, the result would be the disintegration of the new party in Clinton and Centre, where the bulk of its voters will go for Curtin any way, and reduce its present strength very largely on the general ticket. Crediting the Nationals with ordinary sagacity, it would be safe to assume that they will ultimately combine upon Curtin.

There is special significance in the nomination of Governor Curtin by the Democrats in one of their strongest districts. Had they chosen him in a doubtful district to do for them what they couldn't do for themselves, it would have no more meaning than the usual expedients of minority parties to win battles against odds; but when a party majority of four or five thousand is tendered to him with a nomination, it is notice that liberal progress has intrenched itself in the Democratic camp, and that the Democrats propose to make common cause with all who have a common desire to retrieve the State and country from the political demoralization that deforms authority on every side. Governor Curtin stands the confessed leader of the Republican sentiment that has been driven to revolt by a rule in the party that is as corrupt as it is despotic, and his name on the Dill ticket in Dill's district and his active participation in the contest as the living evidence of the policy of victorious Democracy, will be one of the gravest obstacles to the success of the Cameron-Hoyt combination.

Harrisburg Patriot.

The nomination of ex-Governor Curtin for Congress by the Democrats of the Twentieth district is not only a tribute to the liberal element which refuses longer to act with the moribund and corrupt republican party, but a recognition of the brilliant abilities of the nominee. The nomination will be ratified at the polls by an immense majority. The Democratic preponderance in the district is large and Curtin's candidacy will augment it greatly. As the "war governor" will be made the target for all the artillery in the Cameron camp it should be the business of every democrat in the Twentieth district to return the fire.

A BRAZILIAN FAMINE.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post at Rio Janeiro, tells a terrible story of famine and pestilence in the North Western part of Brazil, comprising a district equal in extent to New England, the Middle Atlantic States, West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana combined, which has been without rain since July, 1876. The brooks, springs and wells long ago dried up. Even the river beds have now become dusty channels. The cattle, of which there were vast herds, have died of thirst. The people perishing for want of food and water, have fled from their homes, many of them dying—sometimes whole families together—before reaching a place of refuge. Those of them who escaped have overcrowded the cities of refuge so greatly as in some cases, to multiply the population by five, and they are now herded together in the open streets, living like swine upon scanty rations issued by the government and upon such refuse as they can gather in the gutters. Well-nigh naked and utterly debased by their sufferings they live in bestial immorality, not scrupling even to resort to cannibalism in some instances.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

New Haven, Conn., Oct., 5.—Mrs. Jacob Kunz, of Woodbridge, Connecticut, met a most horrible and extraordinary death this forenoon. While she was making a fire in a cooking stove the flames burst through an opening in the stove and ignited her dress. She was paralyzed by her peril, and before she had recovered presence of mind all her clothes were ablaze. Shrieking, she ran to the barn and began to roll in the hay, and issuing thence she jumped down into a deep well and was drowned. Her little daughter was a horrified spectator of the scene, and after she saw mother leap down the well gave the alarm to the neighbors, but too late to sale the barn and outhouse, which were consumed with their contents.

A plague of rabbits is upon some portions of the the Australian colonies. Farmers shoot, trap and poison them, and legislatures have tried in vain to rid the country of the evil. Poison is the most convenient and expeditious agent yet employed, but it can be used only in winter when green food is scarce. A man on horseback then takes a quantity of oats that have been treated with strychnine, and scatters them through the fields and in the woods. In a single night hundreds of rabbits have thus been destroyed. An ordinary trap is used in summer, great numbers being set every night, and a man is employed to watch them, and to reset one whenever a rabbit is caught. The animals' skins are all removed and packed into bales for transport to England, where they sell for two pence or three pence per pound. Experiments, it is said, have shown that the flesh of rabbits destroyed by strychnine is not injured by the poison, and it is freely eaten in Australia by the farmers. The supply however, is so great that many dead rabbits are left to lie on the ground, where the crows and wild cats find and make way with them in great numbers.

—We print envelopes as low as $1 per thousand. Send us your envelopes. We print letter heads, and statements as low as $1,25 per 1000, when persons find the paper. This is lower than you can get it done for in the city.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Invite the people of Centre County, to an examination of their

NEW FALL STOCK,

which is now complete in every department.

We are showing a stock of

DRESS TEXTURES,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC,

which cannot be surpassed in this country.

We name below a few items only out of this immense stock:

FRENCH CASHMERES AND MERINOS,

In all the new shades and in qualities guaranteed.

ALL WOOL CASHMERES, 50c. | ALL WOOL MERINOES, 50c.
VOGEL'S CASHMERES AND MERINOS.
Excellent qualities, 40 in. wide, at 62½, 75, 80, 87½c., and $1.00.

IN BLACK GOODS

We have immense lines of

BLACK CASHMERES AND MERINOES,

numbering thousands of pieces, which will be distributed at very small advances on importation cost:

BLACK CASHMERES FROM 40c UP.
BLACK DOUBLE TWILLED MERINOS AT 45 AND 50c PER YARD.
SILK WARP HENRIETTA CLOTHS, GOOD QUALITY AT 90c.
COURTAULD'S CRAPES,
AND CRAPE VEILS,
BLACK MANTELASSES,
AND AMURES,
In new and Choice Styles.

MEDIUM AND LOW-PRICED DRESS TEXTURES.

1 CASE ALL-WOOL TARTANS, 50c. Never sold before for less than 62½
ONE CASE NOVELTIES, 37½c Part silk and very stylish.
ONE CASE CAMELS HAIR NOVELTIES, 37½c Extra value and very popular.
ONE CASE 36-IN. CASHMERES, 37½c In selected colorings.
ONE LOT CLAN PLAIDS, 37½c These goods are 27 in. wide.
1 CASE BRADFORD MOHAIRS, 37½c In all the new shades.
ONE LOT SILK-MIXED NOVELTIES, 31c New this season, and really worth 37½c
ONE CASE FOULE BEIGE, 31c 24 inches in width.
ONE CASE FANCY SATINETS, 25c. Less than cost of importation.
ONE LOT CLAN PLAIDS, 25c In all the new combinations
ONE CASE SOFT TWILLS, 25c In all the latest colorings.
1 CASE CAMEL'S HAIR BEIGE, 25c. Extra Quality.
ONE CASE ARMURES, 25c. Cloth weight.
ONE CASE ENGLISH MASELASSE, 22c This season's new designs.
ONE LOT ENGLISH NOVELTIES 20c In handsome effects.
ONE CASE CASHMERES, 20c Extra weight.
ONE CASE POPLINS, 15c Very low for such quality.
ONE CASE FINE TWILLS, 15c New in colorings.
ONE CASE LUSTRES, 12½c These are half wool.
ONE CASE ARMURES, 12½c Extra width.

Good Bleached Muslin for 6¼ cts
Heavy Canton Flannel for 6¼ cts.
Heavy White Wool Flannel for 18 cts.
Extra Quality Wool Flannel for 20 cts.
Scarlet Twilled Flannel for 25 cts.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT, believed to be the most thoroughly organized in the country, gives the opportunity to the most distant consumer to avail of our low prices, which are in every instance as low as similar goods can be sold in America. If you cannot visit us in person send for samples of whatever you may need.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

N. W. Cor. Eighth and Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA

Goods at Cost!—Great Bargains,

—AT—

SHOOK BRO. & CO.,

FARMER'S MILLS, PA.

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Queensware, Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Drugs, &c.

WILL CLOSE OUT AT COST. NOW IS THE TIME

☞ An Invitation extended to all to come and see the stock, and buy low. Goods at Cost, at Farmer's Mills. 12 sept tf.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular,

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

GRAHAM & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,
HAVE THE FINEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES IN CENTRE COUNTY.

Ladie's fine Button Boots,	$1.75.
Ladie's Lasting Gaiters,	1.00.
Ladie's Lasting Slippers,	.50.
Ladie's Lasting Tip Gaiters,	1.25.
Ladie's Coarse Shoes,	1.00
Gent's fine Calf Boots, handmade,	3.50.
Gent's Alexis Buckle Shoes,	1.50.

All kind of PLOW SHOES for Men and Boys.

The latest style of LADIE'S FRENCH HEEL BOOTS, made on the French Last. Call and see them. A fine stock of the Best Buenos Ayres Sole Leather, Calf Skins. Keeps Lasts, Pegs, etc. always a full STOCK.

LOOK! LOOK!

BARGAINS

—IN—

NEW GOODS!!

—NOW, *EINS, ZWEI, DREI*, FOR A—
—RACE TO GET THE FIRST—
—BARGAINS IN NEW GOODS—

—AT—

WM. WOLF'S

IN THE

New Bank Building.

A Full Line of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, carefully selected, and embracing all manner of

DRESS GOODS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
GROCERIES,
GLASSWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
TINWARE,
FISH, &C., &C.

Furnishing Goods

OF ALL KINDS.

NEW AND CHOICE INVOICE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

Full line of

Hats and Caps

For Men, Boys and Children.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Call and be Convinced that this is the Cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

Rememdrr the place in the New Bank Building, opposite the Old Stand.

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth,
At the
BISHOP STREET BAKERY,
is now making the very best
BREAD, CAKES AND PIES,
in Bellefonte.
Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An Excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me. ALBERT KAUTH. nov15

C. C. CONSER.
MERCHANT TAILOR.
In Bank Building, Centre Hall.
Would respectfully announe to the citizens of this vicinity that he has taken rooms in above building where he is prepared to do all kinds of work belonging to his line, for men and boys, and according to latest styles. Goods sold by sample. Having had nine years experience he guarantees all work to render perfect satisfaction, and solicits a share of the public patronage. 6decy

HENRY BROCKENHOFF. J. D. SHUGERT
President. Cashier.
CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.
(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)
Receive Deposits,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Notes,
Buy and Sell
Government Securities, Gold & Coupons.
ap1068tf

CENTRE HALL
Hardware Store.

J. O. DEININGER.

A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.

Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Shaft Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.

Pictures framed in the finest style.

Anything not on hand, ordered upon shortest notice.

☞ Remember, all goods offered

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Octt. 10,'78.

☞ TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '79" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
S. K. EMERICK, Sec'y. B. D. BRISBIN, N. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 337, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. D. C. KELLER W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 8, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after, Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD BROWN, Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Just now the place to get bargains is at Shook Bro. & Co.'s, Farmers' Mills. Read their ad.

—Wm. H. Gentzel has moved from Gregg to Kansas.

—Lutheran conference meets at Centre Hall, Nov. 5.

—Rev. Roeder will administer the Lord's supper in the Ref. church, this place, Sabbath morning 20 inst.

—Just step in at H. D. Goldman's Standard Clothing Hall, corner Bishop and Allegheny, Bellefonte, if you want a cheap suit of clothes.

—Mr. D. C. Keller, of this place, has left us samples of the large Rambo apple, from his lot. These are some of the finest specimens of that kind of fruit we have yet seen, and will excite the envy of any lover of choice apples.

—Accommodation for horses at Brown's grain depot, Bellefonte, for all teams going there with grain. He pays the highest market price, and you will find him fair and square in all his dealings. Coal of all kinds always on hand, and for sale low.

—No man can say aught against Geo. Swab and Jacob Dunkle, our nominees for Commissioners. They are thoroughly honest and of spotless character. Voters now have an opportunity to cast their ballots for two good men. Let them have such a good vote as men of their standing deserve. Swab and Dunkle will make faithful commissioners.

—Dr. Orndorf, of Ferguson paid our sanctum a visit recently. The doctor is one of the best dentists in the county, and ditto on democracy.

—The headquarters of the Greenback party have been removed to the 2nd story of Seth Yocum's white hat. Seth is and always was a stiff rad, and no democrat should be caught voting for him for Congress.

—Remember that A. G. Curtin favors redeeming the National bank notes and having greenbacks issued instead. That's sound principle and meets the desires of democrats as well as greenbackers, it would save the country some 20 millions in interest every year.

—There is a great rush at the Standard Clothing Hall, people find that suits are sold so low there, and all are wishing to get a bargain. Go and price Goldman's clothing—he is determined to sell the lowest in the county, and no mistake about it. An immense stock on hand. Corner Allegheny and Bishop streets.

—If any farmer wants the highest price for his grain, let him haul it to L. L. Brown, successor to Shortlidge & Co.

—Newman has arrived with a tremendous lot of ready-made clothing that beats all this side of Constantinople. He has again put down his already low prices and sells cheaper than ever—and he always did sell lower than others. You can buy a new suit, or single garment, anything between hat and boots at just a trifle above cost, and what more can you ask?

—On last Friday one of the outbuildings of Lafayette Neff took fire, and the greater part of the roof and gable burned before the flames were extinguished. Timely assistance saved the main building. Mr. Neff received some severe burns in his efforts to put out the fire.

—An outhouse of Mr. John Dauberman took fire one day last week, threatening destruction to the larger buildings, but through timely aid the fire was extinguished.

—The dwelling house of Mr. John Conley, about 2 mile east of Centre Hall, was destroyed by fire on last Friday, about midnight. The fire originated in the wash house near the main building, where they had been boiling apple-butter during the day. The outbuilding was all ablaze and the family only awoke by the flames striking the windows of the chamber on the second story where Mr. and Mrs. Conley slept, and in a few moments the main building was on fire also. The flames spread so rapidly that the family could not save anything but the contents of one room on the first floor. All their clothing, furniture, papers, and provisions in cellar and buildings were burned. There were some 60 bushels of potatoes in the cellar. Mr. Conley in attempting to save things from the upper story found his retreat cut off by the fire and escaped by jumping from a window. The total loss is not less than $1800—insurance about $1200 in the Pennsvalley company. The barn would undoubtedly have been burned also, but fortunately there was no current of air in that direction. The house was erected only a few years ago. Many of our people were soon on the spot, but could render no assistance.

—The finest lot of queensware, at Sechlers, in the Bush house block. If you want something handsome for setting your table, Sechler's is the place where you find it. Their stock of queensware is thee hoicest in the central part of the state.

—The finest toilet articles at F. P. Green's in the Bush house block. Also fresh drugs and medicines always on hand. Mr. Green is the oldest druggist in the county, and prescriptions are filled there with the utmost safety.

—Goldman, who has established the New standard Clothing Hall, corner Bishop and Allegheny street, Bellefonte, is determined to sell clothing cheaper than any one else in the county. This he guarantees.

The Presbytery of Huntingdon commenced its stated meeting in the Presbyterian church, at Lemont (Dr. Hamill's), on Tuesday, the 1st of October, at 2½ o'clock, p. m. The opening sermon was preached by Rev Mr. Sherrard, of Mifflintown. The Presbytery was first organized in the "old log" church at Centre Hill, in Pennsvalley, in April, 1795, with nine members. It now numbers 47 ministers and 60 churches, with 10,000 communicants. It includes the territory embracing the counties of Bedford, Blair, Clearfield, Centre, Mifflin, Juniata and Huntingdon. The congregations under its care contributed during the past year $75,000 for church and missionary purposes.

—Get your coffee, sugar, teas, spices, dried and canned fruit, at Sechter's, if you want a good and fresh article. They always keep the best family groceries that are in market, and you are sure of a genuine article in whatever you get. They sell at the least margin, and always deal honestly with customers. Try Sechler & Co., in the Bush house block, and you will be pleased with the quality of groceries you get, satisfied with their prices, and have the politest attention besides.

—Give the new Standard Clothing Hall, at Bellefonte, a call, where you can buy clothing cheaper than elsewhere. Goldman promises to give the best bargains.

—A good suit of under clothes for 50cts at Guggenheimer & Co's.

—Highest Cash price paid for Clover-seed, at Guggenheimer & Co's.

On Friday during the races at the Mifflin county fair at Lewistown, the sheriff suddenly put in an appearance and levied on all the real and personal property of the society that was found on the fair grounds including the gate money and the funds in the hands of the treasurer. It is not positively known if these proceedings will preclude the payment of the usual premiums offered by the association to exhibitors, but it is more than likely that they will. The affair has created quite a sensation.

Just before the Rev. A. H. Aughe died on the floor of the Evangelical Lutheran church in Mifflintown, during the session of the synod, he laid an envelope on the window-sill, says the Democrat and Register, and penciled the words: "The sting of death is here." He had placed the envelope in a side pocket of his coat and was just sitting down when death struck him.

—Read J. D. Long's ad. in another column. He intends doing a big and lively business in grain, coal, hides, leather and saddlery, at Spring Mills. He is a deserving man and fair and square in his business transactions.

Diptheria broke out in the family of Samuel Randall, of Mankato, Minn., last week, and carried of four of his children within four days. The bodies of two other children, who had died some time previously, and had been buried in an old cemetery, were disinterred, and the six little coffins were carried to the graveyard at the same time in the presence of an immense concourse of people.

—For Mr. Thos. Harper, of Aaronsburg, we this week notice runaway No. 2. In last issue we gave an account of his horse wrecking a sulky and throwing Mr. H. out. A few days after, the same animal, while Mr. Harper was driving in a buggy back of Woodward, ran away, and became detached from the buggy. The horse was found next day, lying among the rocks in the mountain, and pretty badly used up.

—Teas, coffees, sugars, spices, coal oil, flour, every and anything kept in the grocery line, at C. Dinges' new store, also a full stock of notions, candies, tobaccos &c., &c.

—We last week noticed the death of a son of Mr. David Bollinger, of Aaronsburg, by a kick from a horse. This week we learn of a sad accident that befell Mr. Bollinger himself, on last Friday. He fell from an apple tree, a distance of 18 feet, since which time he has remained unconscious and has not spoken a word. Verily misfortunes do not come singly. Mr. B.'s family deserve the sympathy of the community.

—We admire Newman's courage, it is a benefit to the people, he is bound not to be undersold by any one in clothing, and guaranteed to sell the cheapest Clothing in the county. Newman we always found to be a man of honor and good as his word.

—Mrs. Anna M. Weaver has removed from Potters Mills to Millheim, where she will open a millinery store.

—The house of Mr. Alex. Kerr, of Potter twp., was entered and robbed of $44 on last Sunday. On Monday three tramps were arrested on suspicion and brought to Esq. Shannon, but no proof of guilt could be obtained, and they were discharged.

—On Tuesday 1, some strange parties sold a horse and harness to Mr. Benj. Bitner of Potter, for $75 and a buggy to a young man of same neighborhood, for $20 on which Mr. Bitner advanced the money. Saturday following another party came along claiming the property as stolen from them. Mr. Bitner holds on however claiming proof of property.

—The stock of goods at Guggenheimer & Co's. is now complete in every line, and will be sold at prices that will defy competition. They have also laid out a lot of remnants consisting of calicoes, canton flannels and muslins which will be sold from 4cts up. Spool cotton's at 2cts per spool.

—Visit C. Dinges' New Grocery, and give him a trial.

—Henry Brockerhoff, an old and well known citizen, died at Bellefonte on last Sunday.

—Mr. Conley will erect a new brick dwelling this fall yet.

—The weather is fine, but no rain—save a little on Monday. Heavy frost on Sunday.

—Visit J. H. Krumbine's new glass and stoneware store in Gift & Flory's store room.

Gregg Dill club meets Saturday evening at Spring Mills, we earnestly urge democrats to turn out.

POTTER DILL CLUB
WILL MEET IN MURRAY'S HALL, Saturday Evening, Oct. 12.

Turn out All. Good speakers will be present.

WHAT A GREAT NEWSPAPER SAYS OF THE COMING GREAT SHOW.

Unquestionably, by far the greatest Menagarie and Circus that has ever visited this place will reach Bellefonte by its special trains on Saturday, October 12th, and that is the Great European Seven Elephant Railroad Exposition of the Sells Bros. Its proportions are simply enormous, and its educational and amusement resources almost beyond computation. It is also as superior in refinement and elegance of presentation as it is overshadowing in vastness, and comes recommended and endorsed in the highest and most unqualified terms by the entire press wherever it has pitched its mammoth tents. Such indisputable authority as the Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch emphatically praises it as follows:

"The 7 elephants, to which such prominence has been given in our advertising columns, arrived by the Pan Handle yesterday, together with the balance of the big new menagarie and circus by which they are employed as a distinctive title. The really superb and sensational parade on the South Side in the morning, together with the highly original and successful advertising escapade of the two-horned rhinoceros, gave the show such a first-class send-off that business was excellent in the afternoon and extraordinary at night, when the smoke-tinged brawn and muscle of Birmingham rallied in admirable disorder to forget the furnace, factory and forge in the presence of the "Tropical Terrors" and the "Monarchs of Muscle." Well recommended as the show has come, and liberal as were its promises, it fully merits the one and redeems the other. Much liberality, originality and ingenuity is displayed in its street pageant, which seems to compass the limits of possibility in that direction, and give an excellent free idea of what comes after for pay. The menagerie is very large and complete, and notably cosmopolitan. The circus troupe is an unusually large one, and combines a wide diversity of talent. The bareback riding is of the best, and the various gymnastic feats command continual applause. Willis Cobb's educated dogs, monkeys and goats give most entertaining and laughable variety to the programme."

—Farmers if you take your grain to L. L. Brown, near depot, Bellefonte, you will get the highest cash price. He also sells all kinds of coal at lowest prices.

WHOSE?

The concluding article on the subject of a New Series of text books for our schools did not appear as contemplated. The *second* was delayed one week in consequence of crowded columns, and the *third* partially anticipated by the action of the Board of Potter twp, on the 20th ult. Withal, by the Editor's permission, the answer to the question above will be given as due to all parties. It was intended to call the attention of the public and the Board, in the second paper, to the propriety of adopting a History of such a grade as could be used by pupils of the third reader, also a general History to supplement the Brief Course now in use. We need not say that the study of History is an important one, and that early life is the most opportune season for its cultivation and mastery. The general prevalence of fictitious reading among the young, and the consequent distaste for works of History, Science and Travel, ought to be argument sufficient in favor of making History a text book throughout the whole course of Common School Education. With the view of attaining this end, PROF. SWINTON of New York, has prepared a series of School Histories. The series consists of three books—two on U. S. History, and a third on Outlines of General history. They are sufficiently comprehensive for such a course as can be taken in Intermediate, Grammar, and High Schools. The plan of the books is clear, the style, pure. We are sure the Board would have done a good day's work in acting on these Histories. The Geographies and Spellers adopted by the Boards of Potter and Gregg twps are from the pen of the same author—Prof. Swinton. The adoption of these works is a move in the right direction—the choice of the Boards judicious. To see the name of Prof. S. upon the back or title page of a book is sufficient for pronouncing it a work of the *highest merit*. We have yet to commend the action of the Board in the selection of Readers—quality, not quantity seems to have led to the selection of the Graded series. If this matter of introducing new books into our schools was less important, we would apologize for the space we have taken; since it is fraught with interest to ourselves and the future it deserves more than a passing notice. G. W. FORTNEY.

Democrats, the Camerons are trying to breed dissatisfaction among you in this county. Give them a big rebuke.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.—

God Save the Commonwealth.

I, L. W. Munson, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said county of Centre, on

Tuesday, November 5th, 1878,

it being the Tuesday following the first Monday of of November, (the polls to be opened at seven o'clock, a. and closed at seven o'clock, p. m.) at which time the Freemen of Centre county will vote by ballot for the following officers, namely:

One person for Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania.

One person for Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania.

One person for Judge of Supreme Court of Pennsylvania

One person to represent the counties of Union, Clinton, Clearfield, Elk, Mifflin and Centre in the Congress of the United States.

One person to represent the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

One person as President Judge for the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield.

Two persons to represent the county of Centre in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

One person for High Sheriff for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Treasurer for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Prothonotary and Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the county of Centre.

Three persons for the office of Commissioner for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Register and Clerk of the Orphan's Court of the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Recorder for the county of Centre.

Three persons for the office of Auditor for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Coroner for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and townships within the county of Centre, are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines, at the public house of I. D. Boyer (Aaronsburg.)

For the township of Half Moon, at the School house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for the purpose, on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter, (northern precinct) at the public house of John Spangler in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter, (southern precinct) at the public house of Mart. Leitzell, at Potters Mills.

For the township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall.

For the township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the township of Ferguson, (old precinct) in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson, (new precinct (in the school house at Baileyville.

For the township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court House in Bellefonte.

For township of Walker, in the school house at Hublersburg.

For the township of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Show Shoe, at the school house at Snow Shoe station.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel Kline, in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the township of Huston, at the house of John Reed.

For the township of Penn, at the public house of Wm. S. Musser.

For the township of Liberty, in the school house at Eagleville.

For the borough and township of Howard, at the school house in said borough.

For the township of Worth, at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside at the house of J. K. Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union, at new school house in Unionville.

For the borough of Philipsburg in the new school house in said borough.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person, excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office, appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the legislative, executive, or judiciary department of this State or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress, and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of judge, inspector, or clerk, of any election of this commonwealth; and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bellefonte, this 2nd day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and in the seventy-eight, and in the one hundred and second year of the Independence of the United States.

L. W. MUNSON,
Sheriff of Centre county.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE:—

Will be sold by order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on

Saturday, November 2d, 1878,

the property of George Harpster, dec'd, to wit: No. 1, Bounded south by lands of David Stover, east by lands of Jacob Arney, north by lands of Henry Witmer, west by road, containing TWO ACRES, and Sixty five perches. No. 2, bounded south by lot of D. K. Geiss, east by an alley, north by lot of Fred Kurtz, west by turnpike road. Thereon erected a DWELLING HOUSE, Wash and Wood house, Stable, and other outbuildings. Fruit of all kinds on the Lot.

Conditions of Sale will be one half of the purchase money on confirmation of sale, the balance in one year thereafter, to be secured on the premises. Sale to commence at one o'clock, p. m. of said day when due attendance will be given by

JOHN CHANNON,
Adm'r.

19 oct

SPRING MILLS.

Wm. Collas died at James Kennely's last Wednesday evening of diarrhea, after a short illness, he is a man about 50 years old. He was an old hand on the railroad and has been away for a long time and just came back about three weeks ago; he used to be called Irish Billy.

Wm. Krape has been sworn as a the detective and is now trying his hand at hunting up John Kinny, the boy that is blamed for stealing Mr. Beader's money in Georges Valley.

The foundation of the new bridge is dug out and the masons have commenced work. We hope the 5th of Nov. we can cross to the depot on the new bridge.

They had quite a time on Wednesday night to get the locomotive turned on the turn-table as some of the plank broke. The fact is that they will fool away with it till some one gets killed by it.

The Dill club met on Saturday night, but owing to appearance of a wet night and some misunderstanding there were not many present. W. J. Alexander was President, Samuel Crawford, Vice President and Edward Krumrine, Secretary. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Bower and Heinly. Club will meet next Saturday evening in Grenoble's hall and we hope that the people will turnout as there will be speakers from Bellefonte or some other seaport town to address us. Turn out, democrats and republicans, and hear what is said on the finances of our country.

OBITUARY.

On the 22d ult., near Lincoln, Neb., of bilious intermittent fever, Peter Kerlin, aged 66 years.

The deceased was born in Berks county, Pa., Sept. 26, 1812. In 1833 he came to Bellefonte and was engaged as foreman in a paper mill. In 1855 he moved to the Loop, Centre county, Pa., where he lived, with the exception of two years, until his wife died, in 1875. After this he bought land in Nebraska, moved there and was so well pleased with the country that he concluded to spend the remainder of his days there. God, in His providence, has taken him home. He was a member of the Lutheran Church for more than 20 years. He was an office-bearer in the Church for a number of years, and all who knew him of our dear father but know it is his gain, therefore we are comforted. We know that if we serve our father's God, we shall be with him where he is.

"Lord, we commit this our father to thee,
Whose body is dead but whose spirit is free,
We know that through grace, when our life here is done,
We still live in Thee, forever in one,"

HIS FIVE CHILDREN.

The Nebraska *State Journal*, of Sept. 20th, relates the following, and as Rev. A. A. Kerlin, of McAlevy's Fort, Huntingdon county, formerly of Centre county, is one of the brothers mentioned who traveled 1200 miles, the narrative possesses a local interest.

The *State Journal* says: One of the rarest examples of filial affection that ever came to our notice is to be recorded of the Kerlin brothers who are now at the bedside of their aged father. On Saturday last a brother, who lives in Nebraska, was informed by one of our prominent physicians that he considered his father, P. Kerlin, dangerously ill. The brother at once sent a message to a brother in Mifflin Co., Pa., who sent a man at once with the message to another brother, sixteen miles across a mountain. The message found the brother, a Lutheran minister, at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning. To rise, dress, harness a horse, leave his family, and to drive fifteen miles to reach the 7 o'clock Western express, required prompt action, but was accomplished and the 1200 mile journey began. The brothers met in Pittsburgh, arrived here on Tuesday, and have since devoted their entire attention to the parent. They ordered a consultation of two of our leading physicians, but we learned yesterday that the case is considered very unfavorable, and nothing save the exceptional constitution of the father will bring him through.

Such promptness and filial love on the part of brothers rallying to the side of one another 1200 miles away, to give those attentions that children can alone perform is a spectacle that would grace any age and exalt the name of any family.

ENGLAND AND THE AMEER.

London, Oct. 4.—A dispatch from Simla says a British force is advancing to occupy Jamrod, at the mouth of the Khyber Pass.

The Ameer is making a general levy, and thousands are rallying to his standard.

An advance on Cabul is to take place immediately.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, October 7.—Wheat red at $1 03@1 04, amber at $1 04@1 05; Rye is steady at 56@58c. Corn at 48@50c; Oats at 26@26½. Clover seed is quoted at 6@6 7/8c; timothy at 1 25@1 45 and flaxseed at $1 40.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, October 7.—Wheat in fair demand but lower. No. 2 Chicago spring, 80½@81c cash. Corn No. 2 and high mixed 33½c. Oats No. 2, 18c for cash Rye 53½c cash. Barley $1 04 for cash.

CATTLE MARKET.

Philadelphia, October 7.—Cattle—Market dull, good 5c, medium 4½@4¾c, common 3½@4c. Sheep—Market dull, good, 4½@4¾c, medium, 3½@4¼c, common 2@3c. Hogs—Prime Chicago 6¼c, good 7c, medium, 5½@5¾c, common, 5c.

A curious discovery has lately been made, while repairing the house formerly occupied by the Jacobin Club during the great Revolution, and known as the Hotel de Londres, in the Rue St. Hyacinthe, St. Honre. The Club, which guided the destinies of the revolution during some few years, had often boasted of allowing the ambition of Robespierre and other leaders to progess so far, and no farther; and the members by vote had passed a law which entitled the majority to exclude from any particular *seance* any particular member whose interests might lead him to sway the opinion of the Club. Robespierre, whose ambition had rendered him an object of suspicion, had often been voted out of the assembly; and it has been a matter of surprise to the historian of the time, that he could so long maintain his influence in spite of the violence of the opposition thus permitted. The secret is now revealed. A small room—a hiding place in the thickness of the wall—has just been discovered, opening by a trap-door into the very hall where the deliberations were being carried on, and whence he could listen to the measures to be taken against him, and thus forearmed, have power to defeat them. It is evident that this hiding place must have been occupied by Robespierre; and when first entered by the workmen the traces of his presence were still visible in the journal which lay upon the table, and the writing-paper, from which had been torn a small portion, as if for the purpose of making a memorandum. The only book which was found in the place was a volume of Florain, open at the second chapter of Claudine. It was covered with snuff, which had evidently been shaken from the reader's shirt-frill, and bore testimony to the truth of history which records the simplicity of the literary tastes of Robespierre. His presence seemed still to hang about that small space, as though he had quitted it but the moment before; and, singular enough, the marks of the feet, as though he had recently trodden through the mud, were still visible on the tiles of which the flooring is composed.—*Potter's American Monthly*.

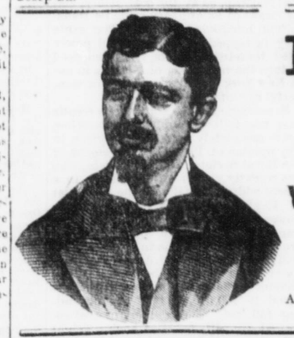
For hog cholera use a mixture of soft soap and milk. Pour soap suds of wash days into the swill barrels, it will make hogs thrive.

THE LEADING PLACE . . . GUGGENHEIMER & COMPANY!!

The Fall Season for the year 1878 is now opening and a New and EXCELLENT STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODs IS COMING IN

AT GUGGENHEIMER & CO.'S, CENTRE HALL, and which will be sold at LOWEST FIGURES. They have an immense stock and well assorted in every line. THEY HAVE *Dress Goods, Clothing, Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes, Notions, Groceries, &c., at Lowest Prices.*

IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO "PATRONIZE YOUR HOME MERCHANTS," INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY FROM HOME. GIVE US A CALL IMMEDIATELY.
GUGGENHEIMER & CO.
26sep 2m



NEWMAN. King Clothier of Centre county.

IS SELLING IS SELLING IS SELLING IS SELLING

Winter Suits $3.50. Over Coats $2.50. Underwear 20c. Boots $1.75.

AND EVERY THING ELSE LOW IN PROPORTION.

I Challenge the County to Beat my PRICES and QUALITY,

AND SHOW AS LARGE A STOCK OF CLOTHING AS I HAVE. CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER BY FIRST CLASS TAILORS AT VERY LOW PRICES
3 Oct 3m.

Tuesd'y's Elections

Telegraphic despatches on Wednesday morning give the following:

WEST VIRGINIA Democratic.

Also INDIANA, and a gain of two congressmen by the Democrats.

The republicans claim Ohio, yet the Democrats gain several congressmen.

The republican conferences—congressional, senatorial and judicial—met at Bellefonte on Tuesday and all adjourned sine die without making any nominations.

Croup can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grate and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable, and administer it as quick as possible. Almost insantaneous relief will follow.

Spring Mills, Pa.,

GRAIN HOUSE AND COAL YARD.

J. D. LONG'S

New Grain House is Now Ready for The Reception of WHEAT,

at the HIGHEST CASH PRICE and the BEST COAL in Market sold at the very lowest price.

Hides! Hides!

Bring your Hides and receive the Highest Price for them.

I also keep for sale UPPERS, KIPS, CALF SKINS, and SOLE LEATHER at lowest prices.

Also a full line of

Harness, Saddles, Collars, Bridles, Halters, Whips, etc.

at the very Lowest Prices.
10oct 3m

THE FAIR—S. & A. LOEB.

For 25 years we have been the leaders

IN LOW PRICES,

and for the same length of time have demonstrated the fact beyond dispute, and are selling all classes of goods cheaper than ever.

NOTE OUR PRICES:

SALT, $1.00 PER SACK OF 200 LBS.
SALT, $1.50 PER BARREL OF 280 LBS.
UNBLEACHED MUSLINS AT 5 CENTS PER YD.
DRESS GOODS AT 8 CENTS PER YD.
ALPACAS AT 15 CENTS PER YARD.
LADIES MOROCCO BOOTS AT $1.25.
MEN'S BOOTS FOR TWO DOLLARS.
LADIES BLACK COATS as LOW as $2.50.
With an assortment never equalled in this county.
BLACK all WOOL CASHMERES at 50c.

We carry the largest and cheapest stock of Clothing in Centre county—see our good before purchasing.

VALENTINES & CO.

THE LARGEST DEALERS IN

-DRY GOODS,-
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
CLOTHING,.

&c., &c., IN CENTRE COUNTY.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

MARRIED.

On 27th Aug. by Rev. Yocum, Mr. Chas W. Bird (formerly of Aaronsburg) and Miss E. J., daughter of David Lohr, both of Bellefonte.

On 2d, at Emanuel church, Tusseyville, by Rev. S. M. Roeder, Mr. Julian Fleming and Miss Ella M. Flisher, daughter of Mr. Daniel Flisher, both of Potter township.

DIED.

On 6, at Centre Hall, of apoplexy, Mrs. Regina Shilling, aged 73 years and 1 day.

At Penn's Furnace, on 29 Sept., Peter Solt, aged 72 years, 9 months and 3 days.

A FARM FOR SALE!

The following property will be exposed at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, OCT. 25th, 1878, at the residence of George Frederick, dec'd, in Gregg Township, a Farm containing

ONE HUNDRED ACRES,

more or less; is well watered, besides a never-failing stream running near the buildings, water is brought to the house in pipes; also a two-story DWELLING HOUSE, Barn and other outbuildings; also sufficient Orchard of apple and other fruit. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m., when terms will be made known by

SAM'L GRAMLY,
Administrator.

NEW

Grocery and Confectionery,

AT CENTRE HALL.

The undersigned has opened a new Grocery and Confectionery, and will always keep a full line of goods, at lowest possible prices, and kindly asks a share of the public patronage. His stock consists of

COFFEES,
SUGERS, TEAS, SYRYPS,
SOAPS, SALT.

All kinds of
CHOICE TOBACCOES AND SEGARS,
and all fruits of the season generally in Stock.

BEST SWEET POTATOES.

Also a full line of CONFECTIONERIES
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange.

I sell low for CASH and PRODUCE.
26sept y C. DINGES.

A house should be so placed that the direct rays of the sun shall have free admission into the living apartments; because the sun's rays impart a healthy and invigorating quality to the air, and stimulate the vitality of human beings as they do those of plants; and, without sunlight, human beings, as well as plants, would sicken and die. The aspect, therefore, should be Southeast.

MARRIED.

On 27th Aug. by Rev. Yocum, Mr. Chas W. Bird (formerly of Aaronsburg) and Miss E. J., daughter of David Lohr, both of Bellefonte.

On 2d, at Emanuel church, Tusseyville, by Rev. S. M. Roeder, Mr. Julian Fleming and Miss Ella M. Flisher, daughter of Mr. Daniel Flisher, both of Potter township.

DIED.

On 6, at Centre Hall, of apoplexy, Mrs. Regina Shilling, aged 73 years and 1 day.

At Penn's Furnace, on 29 Sept., Peter Solt, aged 72 years, 9 months and 3 days.

A FARM FOR SALE!

The following property will be exposed at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, OCT. 25th, 1878, at the residence of George Frederick, dec'd, in Gregg Township, a Farm containing

ONE HUNDRED ACRES,

more or less; is well watered, besides a never-failing stream running near the buildings, water is brought to the house in pipes; also a two-story DWELLING HOUSE, Barn and other outbuildings; also sufficient Orchard of apple and other fruit. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m., when terms will be made known by

SAM'L GRAMLY,
Administrator.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE—

Estate of Ezra D. Brisbin, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, made in the matter of the partition of the Real Estate of said decedent, the undersigned, Trustee appointed by said order, will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry, on the premises near

BOALSBURG, SATURDAY, OCT. 19,

the following described REAL ESTATE, late of said Ezra D. Brisbin, viz:

No. 1. A Valuable Farm, situate in Harris township, adjoining lands of Geo. Fortney, B. F. Brown, Daniel Musser, and others, containing about

One Hundred and Fifty Acres,

more or less, all under cultivation; thereon erected a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, a log Barn and other outbuildings. There is a good ORCHARD on the premises and several NEVER-FAILING SPRINGS OF EXCELLENT WATER, convenient to house and barn. The farm is just on the outskirts of Boalsburg, in close proximity to schools and churches, etc.

No. 2. The undivided half of a tract of MOUNAIN LAND, in the township of Harris, adjoining lands of Moses Thompson, Jonathan Tressler, Robert Galbraith and others, containing about thirty-eight and three-fourths acres.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash upon confirmation of sale, balance in one and two years, with interest, to be secured by bonds and mortgage upon the premises. Sale to begin at 1 o'clock, p. m.

DAVID KELLER,
sep26 Trustee to Sell, etc.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

By order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, the following described property of W. W. Love, deceased, situate in Potter twp., Centre county, will be offered at public sale, on Friday, Oct. 18: One FARM containing

103 ACRES, more or less;

bounded by lands of John Stoner on the west; on the north by lands of Jacob Strohm; on the east by lands of From's heirs; south by lands of William Rishel and others. The farm is well watered, a never-failing spring of cold limestone water near the house, also a well of never failing water at the barn, with good pump in it; large cistern at the house. Improvements: A large TWO-STORY HOUSE, with kitchen and wash-house attached, a FRAME BANK BARN, 80 by 45 feet, with horse-power shed attached. A good frame wagon shed and corn house, 40 by 20 feet, pig pen and wood house.

A Bearing Orchard of Choice Fruit on the premises.

This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain and grass, nearly all limestone land. It is within one-half mile of two churches, school house, post office, store and black-smith shops. Also a tract of good TIMBERLAND, situated on Tussey mountain, bounded by lands of S. Wingert, Andy Jordan and John Allen, containing 33 ACRES, more or less. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m., when terms will be made known. JANE LOVE,
G. M. BOAL,
19 sept Administrators.

PRIVATE SALE.—A CHOICE FARM AND HOUSE AND LOT.—The following described property, of John Emmert, dec'd, situate in Harris twp., Centre county, one FARM, containing one hundred and thirty-three acres, more or less, bounded by lands of B. Everhart, dec'd, James Glenn, McFarlen, Dr. Henderson, dec'd, and others, is offered at private sale. The farm is well watered, a never failing stream of water running through the farm and within thirty yards of the barn, also, a well of never-failing water at the house, with good pump in it. The improvements are a large FRAME HOUSE, two stories high, almost new, a FRAME BANK BARN, forty-five by eighty feet and all other necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain; is all limestone land. A large ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.

For particulars inquire of Wm. Wertz on the farm.

Also a HOUSE and LOT situated in Boalsburg, Centre county, the house is 2 stories high, with kitchen attached to it, and all necessary outbuildings, also a good stable, a never failing well of water with good pump. The lot is well set with fruit trees of best quality.

Also 2 acres and 123 perches of excellent land situated near the German Reformed church in Boalsburg, within two squares of above house.

JOSIAH NEFF, Executor of J. Emmert, dec'd. Sept 5 tf

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Decker, late of College twp., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law, for settlement. DANIEL HESS,
JAMES GLENN,
Executors.

$1.50 for 10 cts. STODDART'S MUSICAL LIBRARY

Twelve full pages of music, embracing Operas, Popular Songs, Dances, Brilliant Compositions, by the greatest authors, printed on full-size music paper of the best quality.

For Sale by all news and book dealers, or will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents, and 2 cents for postage, by

J. M. STODDART & CO.,
723 Chestnut Street,
8 oct 3t. Philadelphia.

Spring Mills Market.

—Old wheat 90, new 90.
No 2 wheat 85
Rye, 45c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, .40c
Oats, 22c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed, $3.00 to $4.00
Chop, per ton, $23.00.
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Flour, per bbl $5.00.
Butter, 15c.
Tallow, 7c.
Hams 12c.
Shoulders 8c.
Sides 8c.
Rags, 2c.
Eggs per doz., 15c.
Tub washed wool 35c.

Spring Mills O. K!

NEW ROOM! NEW GOODS!

at I. J. Grenoble's Store!

SPRING MILLS,

has the goods. Largest stock!

SELECTION UNSURPASSED! Prices Lower than Ever,

And now extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons, and public generally.

Also a Complete Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men and boys. Suits as low as to be had in the city.

Imported and Domestic

DRYGOODS!

Full lines of

MERINO UNDERWEARS,

For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

Hosiery, Gloves, Boots and Shoes, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

And the most complete

Wooden-Shoe Makers.

Let us describe a party of wooden-shoe makers, or as they are termed, *sabotiers*, at work near a clear stream. The whole family is together; the father with his son and son-in-law, the apprentices, the mother and children running about in the beds of cress. Under the trees rises a hut of planks, where all sleep; not far off, the two mules which carry the belongings of the encampment are tethered. They are birds of passage, traversing the forest, and sojourning where the wood is cheap. In this green forest several fine beech trees are marked for the axe; they are fifty feet high, and three feet in girth. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp; but the beech *sabots* are light, of a close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud; and in this respect are greatly superior to leather. All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large, they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabot* roughly with a hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the holes for the interior, and scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *cutlier*. The third is the artist of the company; it is he that turned the wheel when I lived in the Isle of Wight had been there nearly all his life, and was then nearly thirty years old. And of those who drew the water before him, one lived to be fifty years old, and the other forty years! So I conclude these donkeys have a pretty nice time in their fine old castle.

Some years ago they were afraid the water was becoming impure, but I'll tell you how that was. The well-keeper was so foolish as to let visitors throw in pins, which made a curious noise as they struck the water at that great depth; so their use was forbidden, and now water is thrown down from a bucket. It is three or four seconds in falling, and makes a startling noise. And this is a much more harmless way of showing the depth of the well. A lighted candle, too, is lowered down, and has a very curious effect. But the dear old "well donkey" was my chief attraction at the well.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Friction."

"O Frank! come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with the wisdom of two years more than Eddie was possessed of.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; and it makes me think of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning; and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The Country Newspaper.

The country journalist is no longer the poor victim of circumstances, as he was pictured, too truthfully, perhaps, twenty-five years ago. He was then a slave to his passion for an unappreciated art, and a victim of poverty. He wrote his own editorials and locals, set type, made up a form, did job work, and, in fact, turned his hand to any kind of labor. The credit system was pursued, and it kept him a bondman, for the last debt paid was generally the printer's. Horace Greeley said that the N. w York *Mirror*, an excellent literary and news journal published by him before founding the *Tribune*, would have been a great success had those who subscribed for it and read it also paid for it. As only a few did pay, he was obliged to suspend.

But a wonderful stride has been made since that time. Country journals have not only multiplied in number and increased, but they have risen in ability to high rank. They are stronger in the appreciation of the people than ever. Not content to give a sickly reflection of the sentiment of their community, they now advise and lead. Growing stronger, they have become more independent. A few years ago a candidate for office cared little or nothing about the weekly papers in the district; now he respects their power and courts their favor. As a rule, their editorials are pointedly, and some of them brilliantly, written, and compare favorably with those in many of the dailies. There is no longer an enmity between the city dailies and country papers, for each has discovered that it has a field of its own, and they are now rapidly learning that in helping each other they are helping themselves.

The country editors are genial, whole-souled, intelligent, and withal goodlooking, as has often been noted when seen in a body at their annual meetings. They probably enjoy life as well as the average *genus homo*. While they have great pride in their profession, to which they are certainly entitled, they never tire of making fun of each other, and the profession is a butt of ridicule. If the liberty came from outside it would be resented and the libeler annihilated. —*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

The Realities of Circus Life.

An insight of circus life is given by a Philadelphia lawsuit brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Three years ago Mrs. Lucy Coles was left a widow with three children, whom she made heroic efforts to support, but soon found herself in the depths of poverty. One of the children was a pretty girl of seven. A friend suggested that she be taught to be a circus performer. A trainer of youthful acrobats and riders was made her guardian until she was eighteen. In return for her services she was to be fed and clothed, and was to have eleven quarters schooling during her apprenticeship. The trainer took the child and put her through a rigorous training. The lessons were cruelly inculcated by the ringmaster's riding whip. She was taught to leap and ride bareback, to stand on one foot and hold the other out at a signboard angle with one head, to pironette, to jump through the paper-covered hoops, to squat with her legs at right angles with her body, and various other feats that are only acquired by long, hard practice. Her companions were four other little ones. She wept at first, and made many blunders, but the fear of the lash soon forced her into an acquirement of the lessons. Then she was taken to a dancing master, who taught her jig steps and fancy poses. She was placed in the care of a woman who traveled with a circus, and with the troupe she made a tour through the country. The woman who had her in charge is said to have traversed the continent without paying fare for her, hiding her beneath her skirts by day. Lately she performed in Philadelphia, and her mother had her eyes opened to the real dangers to which she was subjected in her equestrian work.

Katteridiji Janni's Career.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, the new governor of Cyprus, is being importuned by some sentimental people to release Katteridiji Janni, known as "the Robin Hood of the Levant," and now confined in that island. His career, as described in the London *Examiner*, has been a romantic one: "When a young man, living in Smyrna, he fell in love with his master's daughter, planned an elopement, but was discovered in time by the irate father, who clapped his intended son-in-law into prison. Escaping, he turned bandit, and ruled the road between Smyrna and Aleppo. Nobody would betray him. He never murdered, nor allowed his followers to do it. But, like his Sherwood prototype, he was fond of easing fat, comfortable travelers of their purses, and liberally relieving the destitute with the proceeds. Hundreds of portionless girls about to be married were, it is said, dowered by this romantic brigand. If Janni wanted to appropriate a supper for himself and his starving companions, he would sit patiently until his terrified hosts had first eaten theirs, and then depart quietly with the intimation that the latter might thenceforth travel the country without dread of interference, for that 'Katteridiji Janni never forgot a kindness.' Wearied perhaps of his lawless life, he voluntarily surrendered, on the understanding that his punishment would be confined to exile in Cyprus."

New York Capitalists.

A New York correspondent writes: Our modern capitalists live generally in very handsome style, and to a large degree are found among the habitues of Fifth avenue. Among the latter are James Lenox, August Belmont, Robert L. Stuart, ex-Governor Morgan, Marshall O. Roberts, Jay Gould, George Law, William H. Vanderbilt, the brothers Astor and others who might be mentioned. These men annually spend large sums, which, though immeasurably within their means, presents a marked contrast with the habits of the former time. For instance, Stephen Whitney, who left nine millions, lived in a plain and old-fashioned house facing the Battery, while old John Jacob Astor occupied a comfortable two-story brick house on Broadway. It had dormer windows, and the inscription on the door-plate was simply "Mr. Astor." Being situated near Prince street, it was convenient to the land office, which he visited as often as possible, even to the last, for it was the place he could best worship the object of his life-long devotion. While there he was surrounded by deeds and mortgages and other evidences of his immense wealth; and inspiring such surroundings must have been to one whose sole religion was to make money.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The "Well Donkey."

He might be called the "castle" donkey, too, for he has lived nearly all his life in Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, where King Charles I. was imprisoned, and where his lovely daughter Elizabeth died.

In this castle is a well three hundred feet deep, and the clear cold water is brought up by this donkey, who turns a great wheel fifteen and one-half feet in diameter; and that is why he is called the "well donkey."

Now to look at this great wheel, you might think it would be hard work for such a little fellow, but it goes so easy that it seems no more than play to him. Then when the bucket of sparkling water comes up, the visitors dip in their tumblers, and generally drink it all up, it is such splendid water, and so nice and cold!

Then they pat the donkey, and give him sweetcakes, or an Isle of Wight "cracknel," or some dainty bit, so that the little chap is just about as pleased as they are, and I have no doubt thinks the old well was made on purpose for his benefit.

The donkey, too, is taken such good care of by the man who has charge of him, that these "well" donkeys have all lived to a good old age. The one that turned the wheel when I lived in the Isle of Wight had been there nearly all his life, and was then nearly thirty years old. And of those who drew the water before him, one lived to be fifty years old, and the other forty years! So I conclude these donkeys have a pretty nice time in their fine old castle.

Some years ago they were afraid the water was becoming impure, but I'll tell you how that was. The well-keeper was so foolish as to let visitors throw in pins, which made a curious noise as they struck the water at that great depth; so their use was forbidden, and now water is thrown down from a bucket. It is three or four seconds in falling, and makes a startling noise. And this is a much more harmless way of showing the depth of the well. A lighted candle, too, is lowered down, and has a very curious effect. But the dear old "well donkey" was my chief attraction at the well.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Friction."

"O Frank! come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with the wisdom of two years more than Eddie was possessed of.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; and it makes me think of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning; and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

INDIAN ASTRONOMY.

How the Red Men Mark the Changes of the Season.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Star* writes from camp on Clear creek, Wyoming: Considering their ignorance of astronomy, time is very rationally divided by the Indians. Those in the interior parts (and of those I would generally be understood to speak) count their years by the winters; or, as they express themselves, by snows. Some tribes among them reckon their years by moons, and make them consist of twelve synodical or lunar months, observing, when thirty moons have waned, to add a supernumerary one, which they term the lost moon, and then begin to count as before. They pay a great regard to the first appearance of every moon, and on the occasion always repeat some joyful sounds, stretching at the same time their hands towards it.

Every month has with it a name expressive of its seasons. For instance, they call the month of March (in which their year generally begins at the first new moon, after the vernal equinox), the Worm month or moon; because at this time the worms quit their retreats in the bark of the trees, wood, etc., where they have sheltered themselves during the winter. The month of April is termed by them the month of Plants; May, the month of Flowers; June, the Hot moon; July, the Buck moon. Their reasons for thus denominating these is obvious. August, the Fish moon; because in this month they catch great numbers of fish. September, the Corn moon; because in that month they gather in their Indian corn. October, the Traveling moon, as they leave at this time their village and travel toward the place where they intend to hunt during the winter. November, the Beaver moon; for in this month the beavers begin to take shelter in their houses, having laid up a sufficient store of provisions for the winter season. December, the Hunting moon; because they employ this month in pursuit of their game. January, the Cold moon; as it generally freezes harder, and the cold is more intense in this than in any other month. February they call the Snow moon, because more snow commonly falls during this month than any other in the winter.

When the moon does not shine they say the moon is dead; and some call the three last days of it the naked days. The moon's first appearance they term coming to life again. They make no division of weeks, but days they count by sleeps, half days by pointing to the sun at noon, and quarters by the rising and setting of the sun; to express which, in their traditions, they make use of very significant hieroglyphics. The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude are only wanting to make them universally complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the pole star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night. They reckon the distance of places, not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculations I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness, by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war parties or their most distant hunting excursions. They have no idea of arithmetic, and though they are able to count any number, figures as well as letters appear mysterious to them and above their comprehension.

Co-Operative Dairying in France.

In the departments of Iura and Doub, farmers unite their milk in common to produce cheese. These associations, numbering nearly 2,000, are known as *fruitieres*. The plan has extended to the neighboring lowlands, as 1,700 of them exist in Franche-Counte, cheese forming the chief wealth of these districts. A townland clubs together, tacitly to bring all its milk to be manufactured into cheese, and the latter is divided *pro rata*. A president and a committee are annually elected; a *chalet* is selected in an elevated position, consisting of a large kitchen, a milk room and cellar. Here the milk of 40 or 200 cows is manufactured. The milk is brought every morning and evening, measured or weighed, and a receipt given. If the milk has been adulterated, skimmed or turned, it is refused. The morning's milk is strained and mixed with the cream of the previous evening's milk, and then placed in the copper; rennet added—three quarts of a preparation of the latter to 400 of milk—and coagulated. Every 300 quarts of milk yield a cheese, and each member, irrespective of what number of cows he possesses, receives a cheese for every 400 quarts of milk to his credit; his initials are made in the curd; except for his private use, no member can retire his from the common sales. The more the curd has been heated, the less it is subsequently heated. After being placed in the mold, it is turned five or six times during the first twenty-four hours; the cloths being changed as often; placed on a dry shelf, the cheese is salted in the morning, dried with a cloth in the afternoon; the salting requires two months in summer and three in winter, and when it has imbibed two to four per cent. it is cured. Cheese made from curd too much heated is soft and cracked; when the temperature is too low more salt is required. When attacked by mites the cheese is carefully cleaned, then washed with a pickle, and when dried rubbed over with oil. It is an error to believe good cheese can be prepared without good milk. One pound of cheese is made from eight to ten quarts of milk. The cheese thus prepared, known as *grugere*, is two feet in diameter and four inches thick, weighing fifty to sixty pounds, and varies in price from half a franc to one franc per pound. The whey is given to pigs, and also to cows.—*American Farmer.*

Remarkable Discovery of a Lost Ring.

A Dunlap (Ia.) correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* tells this wonderful story: Five years ago a party of men were bathing in the Boyer river, near this place. Among the number was Mr. Frank Pike, who was then, as now, a conductor on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. While diving, Mr. Pike felt his ring drop from his finger, but before he could make the effort to save it it had gone. It was a loss to him which he felt deeply, not because of its intrinsic value, but from peculiar associations connected with it. An immediate search was made by all the party, but in vain. About a month ago another party was bathing at the same spot, and indulging in that finest of all sports to the swimmer, plunging from a spring-board. One of the men diving to the bottom, ran his hands into the soft, muddy bottom about six or eight inches, and on rising to the surface of the water, was astonished to find that he had run his finger into a ring, which proved on examination, to be the one lost by Mr. Pike five years ago. The ring is now in the possession of its owner, who ceases not to rejoice over its recovery.

Curiosities of Grafting.

In 1866 Mr. Carillet, of Vincennes, France, took two young pear trees, each of which was worked on the quince stock, and one of these, the Beurre de Aremberg, was made to serve as the stock, while the other, the Buerre de Charneu, was grafted upon it in an inverted position, having it roots fully exposed to the open air. The operation was performed in April, and during the summer the stock grew vigorously and bore two fruits, while the scion tree threw out buds and shoots from the quince stock. Too add to the complexity of the experiment, M. Carillet grafted four pear scions on the principal roots of the quince, and two of these succeeded. The sap thus passed from quince roots through Beurre de Aremberg, thirdly through the inverted Beurre de Charneu, then through the quince again, and finally into the two varieties of pears.—*London Graphic.*

Butter Stores in Paris.

While waiting for our breakfast one morning in a *cremerie* in Paris much frequented by foreigners, my friend Madam B—— said: "I can point you out every American breakfasting here."

I looked around at the people seated at the different tables, and wondered if she were speaking seriously. In these days, when fashion reduces costumes and coiffure to such uniformity, and when the blood of every civilized race is mixed to a great extent with that of every other, distinguishing nationality at sight appeared to me impossible. I asked my friend her secret.

"Oh, it is no secret," she replied, smiling. "I don't pretend to tell except they are taking breakfast. They all put salt on their butter."

"Your acuteness applies only to breakfast, then," I said. "At dinner it does not serve you, I suppose." I said this in a kind of savage way, having the common weakness that makes all people abroad defend their countrymen.

"No," she said, "we never put butter on the dinner table"—a fact I had at the moment forgotten.

It is true that the only salted butter you ever find in Paris is the American butter, but this is used only for cooking, and is never sold in butter stores, but in groceries. It is our common tub butter. The French butter, the finest possible product of its kind, is sold in the butter stores scattered all over the city, which furnish nothing but dairy products and eggs. These stores are generally models of order and neatness. Young girls or women in snowy caps and aprons, courteous and obliging, serve the customers, while a responsible-looking matron sits at the desk, supervising the business and keeping the books. In Paris women seem to have monopolized the occupation of book-keeping.

One of the butter stores of Paris I remember especially, and will briefly describe it. It was near the grand market (La Hall). The large window on the right of the entrance always contained a large loosely-arranged bouquet of fresh flowers, apparently gathered from some rural garden. There was nothing else in the window except a glass covered stand containing Bondon cheeses and the double *crene suisse*. Inside, there was a long horse-shoe counter or table, where eggs and cheese were sold, and on either side marble tables, each containing about four huge masses of butter, shaped like an inverted butter firkin. Over each mass was hung a delicate silver wire about two feet long, both ends terminating in pieces of cork. With this wire the sales-woman would cut, almost always exactly, any amount ordered, from a *demi-quart* (half a quarter) to a pound. It being a costly product, and always purchased daily, small quantities are the rule. To separate the quantity ordered, lay it on a square of delicate white paper on the little scales, weigh it, pinch the corners of the paper together, and place it on the cool lettuce in your basket, is the work of a very few seconds with these expert sales-women. Lettuces you would be sure to have in your basket, for no one goes to market in Paris without buying them, they are so crisp and fresh; and naturally you would purchase butter after every thing else, that it might reach home in the freshest possible state.—*Marie Howland, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Monkey Question in India.

In many cities of India the monkeys inhabit recognized quarters, and are allowed every morning to descend from temple top and tree into the market place, and there to eat their fill of whatever may be exposed for sale. The owners gets by pretending to grant the meal without grudging, but when no one else is looking he often takes the opportunity of giving the intruder a hearty cuff to send it on to the next stall for the rest of its breakfast. This semi-sacred character contemplates the problem before the magistrate, for if one street complains to him that the monkeys have mischievously picked half the tiles off the houses and begs to have them deported, the next street petitions that their religious prejudices may not be outraged by any interference with the simians' liberty. Sometimes, however, a whole town agrees that the monkey nuisance has become intolerable, and, gods or not, votes for wholesale deportation. But the monkeys are as astute as their neighbors, and though submitting to be coaxed across the river, or carted off to a neighboring jungle, utilize both ferry and high road traffic for a speedy and comfortable return. Between Benares and Ramnagar a constant transportation of monkeys was at one time carried on; but since as many came back by boat of their own accord—the ferryman not daring to refuse their wishes—the local officials abandoned the enterprise, and to this day the animals share both city and palace with the human inhabitants.

In the hill districts whole fields of corn are ravaged in a morning by the long-tailed troops, but the superstitious villager will not do more than shout at them his respectful request to go away. To catch them would do no good, and kill them he dare not, so he abandons his grain cultivation for a year, and the monkeys pass on to another village. In the plains of India, from one sea to the other, representatives of the family are found, and command everywhere a similar respect. Their images in mud, marble or metal, are exposed for sale in every idol shop, and though not actually worshiped, are sufficiently reverenced to find a place on every altar and in almost every temple.

The Last of a Notorious Gang.

John Reno, familiarly called "Jack," the last of the Reno party that terrorized Southern Indiana years ago, was in the city Wednesday, says a late issue of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. Jack was only recently released from the Missouri Penitentiary, in which he served a term of ten years. The crime for which he was "sent up" was the robbery of a Missouri bank. He was sentenced to a term of twenty-five years, but by order of Governor Gratz Brown the sentence was commuted to ten years.

Most of our readers are probably familiar with the history of the Reno gang, and the terrible fate that befel some of the members while incarcerated in New Albany, Ind., jail. The gang had become so powerful that it controlled judges and juries and it was almost impossible to convict them. The rendezvous of the gang was at Seymour, Ind. The outlaws seemed to have selected the Adams express company as the special object of their prey, and secured thousands of dollars of that company's treasure at sundry times. The express company engaged Pinkerton's detectives, and finally succeeded in capturing the outlaws. During their incarceration in the New Albany jail, a vigilance committee was one evening hastily formed from the "Hoosiers" along the J., M. & I. R. R., who proceeded to New Albany on a special train in the dead of night. The rising sun of the succeeding day witnessed their terrible work. The "Reno gang" existed no more. Its members (with the exception of Jack, who was, luckily for himself, confined in a Missouri jail) were hung in the jail yard by the vigilance committee.

Jack has resolved to turn over a new leaf and locate in square business near Seymour.

The founder of the Brevoort estate died in a comfortable old-fashioned cottage, leaving a grand fortune to his son, who became a fashionable man. He is now dead, and most of his property is gone also. John Mason, who in his day was king of the dry goods trade in this city (occupying the same distinction then that Claflin does at the present time), lived in a brick house on Broadway. Kinloch Stuart, who founded the great sugar refining house out of which R. L. & A. Stuart took such immense wealth, occupied a plain house down town, having retained to the last those habits of industry and economy which changed a poor emigrant into a capitalist. Commodore Vanderbilt occupied a comfortable but old-fashioned house in Washington place—a spot long since deserted by fashion, but still good enough for him. All of these men finished their lives in the dwellings to which I have referred, but could they return to life, what a contrast would be presented!

THE TELEMACHON.

An Electric Machine that will Transmit Power by Wire---The Force of Niagara to be Utilized in New York city.

Mr. William Wallace, of Ansonia, Conn., has invented an electrical machine which the New York *Sun* calls "Invention's big triumph." The machine was recently seen by Mr. Edison, who pronounced it entirely practical, and was enthusiastic in its praise. By means of the telemachon—as the invention is called—power may be obtained from places where river power or tidal power is abundant, or may be generated where fuel is cheap, as at the coal mines, and by means of an ordinary cable be transmitted hundreds of miles. The cable may be tapped at any point and power used therefrom. Thus, it is proposed to turn the vast power of Niagara to use in New York city by means of this wonderful machine.

Some notion of the stupendous results that may follow should the telemachon prove completely successful, is given in the opinion of Prof. C. W. Siemens of the Royal Society of Great Britain, who has recently visited this country. In a recent address in Glasgow he said that in England a means of transmitting power by electricity must soon be the important problem of the day. What are the English people to do when their coal is exhausted? Of America and her great water courses he said: "The equal to 100,000,000 tons an hour falling 150 feet. The amount of coal required annually to raise such a weight up to the point from which it fell, which is a measure of the amount of power yielded by that water in falling, would require the consumption of 260,000,000 tons of coal a year, which is the amount now consumed by the entire world. Now if fifty per cent. of the power used to drive the first dinamo-electric machine may be recovered from the second, and hence, if the whole power of Niagara could be utilized, it could be distributed over the United States, so as to give, from that waterfall alone, a power equal to the present entire mechanical force of the world, estimating that one-half the coal used is solely for mechanical purposes."

As an example how the fall of such a body as the Falls of Niagara could be practically utilized by means of the telemachon, a gentleman who has studied the subject for years gave the following illustration: A series of flumes could be constructed from the edge of the descent of the American falls to the level of the water below of a size sufficient to carry all the water of the Niagara river through water wheels. With shafting this power would be used to turn the machine generating the electric current. This current could then be carried to New York city by conductors, which are copper rods. These rods may be tapped then at any point, wherever power is needed, and wires carried into factories just as gas is now carried in pipes through the streets. In the factory a telemachon would be placed of a power sufficiently great to run the shafting. Thus the entire power required by the State of New York might be taken off along the line of the main conductors. The amount of electricity taken off at any one point would be readily regulated in the same way in which the current taken from a battery for telegraphic purposes is now regulated—that is, by introducing suitable resistance in the local line.

Mr. Edison believes that he can so assist Mr. Wallace in perfecting the telemachon that power may be transmitted from one point to another as though it were a telegraph message. Already by means of this instrument Mr. Wallace is enabled to transmit the power of the Naugatuck river a quarter of a mile. The power of this stream is great enough to drive the ponderous machinery of the Wallace factory where three hundred men are employed. A series of experiments with the instrument has shown that in the transmission of this enormous power by electricity only twenty per cent. is lost.

The electricity from the wonderful telemachon may be applied to illumination. It solves the problem of the subdivision of electric lights. Both the Wallace factory and the Farrel foundry, near by, are lighted by these lights, the army of men being formed in two divisions, one working during the day and the other up to midnight. Thickly studded as these foundries are with heavy machinery, and obstructed as the light must necessarily be by the ponderous cranes, drills, supporting columns, and projections, a clear light is thrown on the machinery, perfectly illuminating it. Adjustments to the thirty-second of an inch may be made without the least strain upon the eyes. A beautiful effect of this light is its polarization—that mottled appearance which it assumes when falling through glass. This is the only artificial light, it is said, that is capable of producing it.

Rivaling the Bonanzas.

The following interesting letter is from a Fargo (Dakota) correspondent: I have paid a visit to the Dalrymple farm, situated eighteen miles west of Fargo. The estate embraces 100,000 acres, owned by Mr. Dalrymple, of St. Paul, Gen. Geo. W. Cass, of New York, B. P. Cheney, of Boston, and J. L. Grandin, of Pennsylvania. The Grandin division, consisting of 40,000 acres, is situated on Goose river, thirty miles south of Fargo, and apart from the other divisions. So far operations on the farm have been confined chiefly to wheat growing. The farm is managed with something of the system that is employed in directing the operations of an army. It is cut up in divisions of 2,000 acres each, and these are managed by experienced superintendents and foremen, the finances of each division being brought under a regular and separate system of bookkeeping. Mr. Dalrymple is general manager of the whole.

The area of ground under crop this year is 13,000 acres. Next year the area will be increased to 20,000 acres. The spring wheat was sown the latter part of March and the fore part of April. The first of it was cut July twenty-fifth, and twelve days after that the work of the reapers had been finished, and miles upon miles of wheat shocks covered the plains. In bringing this crop to perfection, Mr. Dalrymple has employed nearly 500 head of horses and mules, eighty broad-cast eight and one-half feet seed-sowers, 160 fourteen-inch ploughs, 200 steel-pointed harrows, fifteen forty-inch cylinder threshers and cleaners, fifteen ten-horse power steam engines, eighty self-binding reapers, and a force of about 400 men. These eighty machines, when in motion, cut and bound with wire 1,000 large bundles every minute.

Threshing was begun a few days ago, and, as I stood in the midst of this stubble plain and watched the smoke curling up from steam machines miles upon miles away, and fancied that they looked as vessels look when steaming far out over the lake in front of Chicago, I thought to myself what a magnificent "desert" this is! Near by me was a superintendent who was talking through a telephone with another superintendent some three miles away. Near him sat an operator, who was sending a dispatch to another part of the farm.

Mr. Dalrymple said that he expected the yield to average twenty-five bushels per acre, which would give a total of 325,000 bushels, worth just that many thousand dollars, two-thirds of which would be net profit. It is all No. 1 wheat, and Mr. Dalrymple said he had just declined an offer by the Millers' Association of Minneapolis of ninety-two cents per bushel for 80,000 bushels. He is shipping from his farm to Duluth, and thence to New York, twenty cars of wheat every day.

My astonishment at what I had seen was nothing compared with that which I experienced upon being told by Mr. Dalrymple that it was his purpose to carry forward the development of his farm until he shall have put 40,000 acres under the plow and brought his yearly production of wheat up to a round million bushels. Dalrymple's is not the only large farm hereabouts. There are at least a half dozen others which number from 1,000 to 2,000 acres under cultivation. The number of farms embracing from 100 to 400 acres under cultivation is very large.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

Charles E. Luburg, paying teller of the First National bank, of Mahoney City, Pa., has been convicted of embezzling about $2,000 of the funds of the bank, and of altering its books to conceal his operations.

The Vanderbilt will case in New York city has been reopened after a long season of repose.

David N. Skillings and John Boyle O'Reilly, who were nominated at the Worcester (Mass.) Democratic convention for treasurer and auditor, respectively, have declined to run.

David Bell, aged nineteen, living in Fishkill Landing, N. Y., was bitten by a dog over two months ago, and died in terrible agony the other day from the effects of the bite.

The Union savings bank, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., has closed its doors, by order of the State bank superintendent, who found a deficiency of $4,000 on overdue interest.

The New York board of aldermen have been listening to propositions to heat the city's business houses and private dwellings by steam.

Hugh A. Mullen, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *Sunday World*, was struck with a whip by Richard N. Price. The assault took place on the street, and Price claimed that his father, a prominent local politician, had been aspersed in an article which appeared in the *World*.

The first frost of the season appeared in the Hudson river valley and lowlands of Orange county, N. Y., on the twenty-third.

The Connecticut Republican State convention was held at Hartford, and resulted in the nomination of Charles B. Andrews for governor, David Gallup, lieutenant-governor, David Terrance, secretary of State; Talmage Baker, treasurer. The platform adopted favors hard money, declares the question of the presidential title permanently settled, and supports the administration of President Grant.

Adolph Hoffman, with several *aliases*, who has four wives living, and had promised marriage to five other women, has been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, in a New York city court.

Addison Laflin, ex-member of Congress, and naval officer of the port of New York during President Grant's administration, committed suicide by hanging himself in the garret of his house in Pittsfield, Mass. He was fifty-four years old, and for some time had been in bad health.

The Massachusetts Democrats who adjourned from the recent convention at Worcester to meet at Faneuil Hall Boston, assembled at that place—1,264 delegates being present. The ticket nominated reads: For governor, Josiah G. Abbott; lieutenant-governor, Thomas B. Plunkett; secretary of State, H. C. Dewing; auditor, John E. Fitzgerald; attorney-general, Richard Olney; treasurer, D. F. Skillings. The platform adopted arraigns the Republican party for sustaining an alleged fraudulent President, and for using paper money in opposition to the constitution; declares that stringent laws should be passed regulating the issue of money, and insists that currency of all kinds should be paid on demand in coin, and should be received for duties at the face value of the notes. The poll tax as a requisite of voting is denounced, and universal suffrage is demanded. It is insisted that the State's debt must not be increased; that the expenses must be decreased, and that the State's faith must be preserved intact. Monopolies and the trustee process are denounced, and the right of the laboring man are declared to be the peculiar care of the Democratic party. The platform adopted and candidates nominated are declared to be the only platform and candidates representing the Democratic party in Massachusetts.

The annual rifle match for the international trophy was shot at Creedmoor, and as the Irish team was the only one entered its success was assured. Mr. J. S. Sumner made the wonderful score of 221 points out of a possible 225. This is the highest score ever made on any rifle range.

The New York Democratic State convention met at Syracuse, and held a two days' session. On the first day there was a bitter struggle for recognition between contesting delegations from New York and Kings counties. The two delegations from New York county represented Tammany and Anti-Tammany, and the former were admitted after a fierce and protracted debate. On the second day George B. Bradley was nominated for judge of the court of appeals, and a platform adopted which claims that gold and silver and paper constitute money at the will of the holder, the only currency of the country; approves of "steady steps toward specie payments, and the honest payment of the public debt;" charges that the Republican party "put a defeated candidate in the chair of Washington," and indorses the administration of Governor Robinson.

The New York Republican State convention was held at Saratoga on the same day of the Democratic convention in Syracuse. Senator Conkling was elected chairman, and made a long address. George F. Danforth was selected as the party's candidate for judge of the court of appeals, and the platform adopted favors "the payment of the public debt, and the redemption of the public promises according to the letter and spirit of the engagement." As for hard money, specie resumption, economy in public expenses, and an elevated civil service, and declares that the action of the Electoral commission should be declared as final by most of all parties.

By the giving way of a scaffolding on the East Side Elevated railroad, in New York, three workmen were thrown to the ground, a distance of about forty feet, and one man was killed, while the other two were severely injured.

Western and Southern States.

Sherman City, a small village in Isabella county, Mich., has been utterly destroyed by a terrific tornado. Every building in the village, except one frame dwelling, was swept away, and that was partly demolished. The air was thick with timbers, boards, bricks and stones, and the inhabitants took refuge in cellars. Mr. Tryo, his wife, little girl and baby were badly injured. Considerable damage was done at Coleman, Mich., where C. Dean had his skull fractured by a falling tree.

A few days ago about thirty of the garrison at Mier, a town on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, attempted to desert into TEXAS. Several were drowned, one was shot in the pursuit, and two were captured and shot by order of the general in charge.

Daniel McBride, a colored man confined in jail at Athens, Ala., on charge of having murdered a white man, was taken from prison by a crowd of about 100 men and hung to a tree on the abutment of the trestle one committed.

The recovery of the body of Edwin French from the vault of the Homeopathic college in Cleveland, Ohio, where it had been taken from the grave by the resurrectionists, for dissecting purposes, has been followed by the discovery of the bodies of two old ladies in the same institution. The remains had been put in pickling water, preparatory for dissection. One of the bodies was Mrs. Angeline Higby, late of Garrett-ville, a small town about thirty miles from Cleveland, while the other person to be a Mrs. Pease, of Ravenna, Ohio. The bodies were reinterred, and warrants were sworn out against the college faculty and the body-snatchers.

The Odd Fellows' bank, of Sacramento, Cal., has decided to wind up its business, and has made an assignment of its assets, which, it is believed, are sufficient to pay the depositors in full. Barclay Henley, proprietor of the Nevada Democrats have nominated L. R. Bradley for governor, upon a platform favoring hard money and advocating the removal of all restrictions on silver.

While witnesses were being examined at Marquette, Mich., in the income case of the United States against Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, two men suddenly entered the office, seized the books of the New York Iron Mine company, which had just been used by Mr. Tilden's counsel, and made their escape with them.

Highwaymen seem to be having things their own way in portions of the West. The other day a stage coach containing the United States mail, and protected by an escort of two soldiers, was attacked near Fort Fetterman, Wyoming. The robbers surprised the military escort, took away their horses and arms, thoroughly ransacked the mail-bags and robbed the passengers.

The treasure coach of the Cheyenne and Black Hills stage line, on its way from Deadwood, was stopped by five armed men, who killed one passenger, wounded two messengers, and robbed the stage of treasure amounting to nearly $30,000. Two of the robbers were wounded during the fight.

From Washington.

According to a report received at the department of State from our consul at Hamilton, Ont., the following are the daily rates of wages paid at the present time in that vicinity. The consul says nothing concerning the state of the labor market. Molders, glass-blowers, bricklayers and stove polishers, $2.25, sewing machine makers, stone-cutters and woodturners, $2; clerks, $1 to $2; farm laborers, $1.25 to $2; plasterers, $1.75; printers, $1.67; carpenters, coopers, trunk-makers, cabinet makers, shoemakers, harness-makers, tinsmiths and blacksmiths, $1.50. Railroad employes—bridge builders $1.75 to $2; bridge laborers, $1.25; switch repairers, $1.25 to $1.50; yard men, $1.20 to $1.50; common laborers, $1 to $1.12.

The four members of a commission appointed by the German government to visit this country for the purpose of inquiring into the American system of taxing tobacco, have had a long consultation with Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum and Dr. Kimball, chief of the tobacco division in that bureau, in regard to the subject of examination.

The congressional committee appointed to examine into the advisability of transferring the Indian bureau to the war department, met in St. Louis and proceeded to take testimony upon the subject under consideration.

Hon. Ellis Spear, commissioner of patents, has resigned.

The first cabinet meeting held in some time took place a few days ago. A large amount of business that had accumulated was discussed.

Professor Riley, entomologist of the agricultural department, has been investigating the ravages made by the cotton worm in the cotton-bearing States for two months past, and reports that he believes the damage from this source to the crop of this year will be slight.

Somebody in Boston has sent $1,500 to the secretary of the treasury, to be placed to the credit of the conscience fund.

About 100,000 pounds of new type have been purchased by the public printer, at a cost of $60,000.

Foreign News.

President and Mrs. McMahon have contributed $1,000 for the yellow fever sufferers.

Four hundred of the 2,622 British troops in Cyprus are sick of fever.

A British mission to Cabul has been refused permission to go through Khyleer Pass by the Ameer of Afghanistan, and a war between that country and England is threatened. A large force of British Indian troops has been ordered to the frontier.

The printer of a phamplet libeling the emperor of Germany has been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and $100 fine, and the author, in default of his appearance for trial, to five years and $400 fine.

Mount Vesuvius is reported in a state for eruption.

Late advices from Mexico indicate that the political situation there is becoming precarious for the government of President Diaz, as revolutionary movements are occurring throughout the country with uncomfortable frequency and the national treasury is depleted. In his recent message to the Mexican congress Diaz asserted that Mexico desired to be at peace with all nations, and especially with the United States.

A Switzerland disatch says that three cases of gunpowder used for blasting in the St. Gothard tunnel exploded, causing the death of ten workmen and severely injuring several.

After the strictest investigation into the cases of Hoedel and Nobling, would-be assassins of the German emperor, no trace of a conspiracy could be discovered.

The Spanish minister of the colonies is in Paris endeavoring to complete arrangements for the purpose of reducing the floating debt of Cuba to $80,000,000.

A number of insurgent Bosnian towns have surrendered to the Austrians.

During a speech in Toronto Lord Dufferin stated that he had proposed to Governor Robinson that the governments of New York and Canada combine, to acquire sufficient property about Niagara Falls to form an international park, and that his proposition had been favorably received.

Dr. August H. Petermann, the eminent German geographer, is dead, at the age of fifty-six.

The international peace congress, in session at Paris, passed resolutions recommending the settlement of disputes between nations by arbitration, and declaring war to be brigandage.

The Yellow Fever Scourge.

A Greenville (Miss.) dispatch of the twentieth discloses a sad condition of affairs. Out of 500 people who remained in the town nearly 400 had the yellow fever and 162 deaths had occurred up to date. "We are cut off entirely from the world," says the dispatch, "as the telegraph office in Vicksburg cannot take our business, there being only one operator there. We are out of medicine and ice, and have not been able to get one message through for nine days. The fever must soon abate for want of material." There was a slight increase in the fever at New Orleans. While the disease was